LIFE

U.S. Families Find New Homes in Canada

An intimate visit ROSE KENNEDY at 80

Rose Kennedy with Ted and Joan at fund-raising dinner

JULY 17 • 1970 • 50¢

®

The beautiful way to celebrate nothing.

Champale is the alcoholic beverage that looks, tastes and sparkles like champagne. But costs just pennies more than beer. And you can buy Champale wherever beer is sold. So don't wait for a grand occasion to come up, but think of an occasion and make it grand with Champale. Like, for instance, your first horse-back ride.

Or changing your typewriter ribbon. Try Champale Malt Liquor well-chilled in a champagne glass. It won't do much for your typing, but it will do wonders for your self-image.

Have a sparkling Champale® in honor of high tide. Just because it happens every day is no reason to ignore it. And besides, you'll probably discover that you and Champale get along swimmingly.

CHAMPALE, INC., TRENTON, N.J. © 1970

FORD RIDES AGAIN!

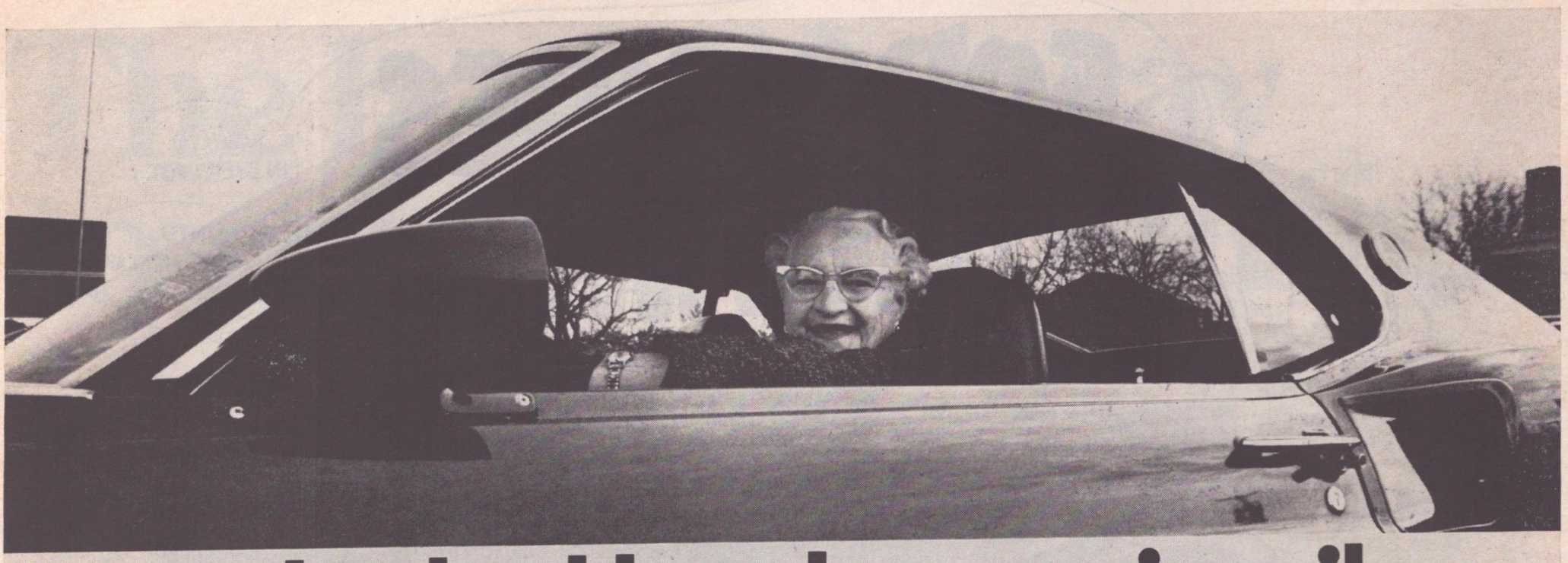
PINTO, A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR!
PICK A PAIR OF PINTOS!
PINTO POWER!!
PINTO THROUGH THE TULIPS WITH ME.
PINTO FOR PRESIDENT!
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE PINTO.
(A PINTO FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.)
PLEASE DON'T FEED THE PINTOS.
I'D WALK A PINTO FOR A MILE!!
A PINTO IN EVERY POT.
YOUR PINTO'S SHOWING.
PINTO... THE SMALL CAR'S SMALL CAR.
COST JUST A PINTO MONEY, NOT A MINTO...
PINTO POWER PROVEN FOR 50 MILLION MILES, HONEST ENGINE!!
IF A PINTO IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR TONTO, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!!
PINTO. FROM THE PEOPLE WHO'VE MADE SMALL CARS SINCE CARS.
HERD ANY GOOD PINTOS LATELY?
MAKE AMERICA PINTOFUL!
GET A PINTO PRONTO, TONTO!
THE PINTO, THE NINO, THE SANTA MARIO?
HOW MUCH IS THAT PINTO IN THE WINDOW?
WHO CROSSED THE PINTOMAC?!
PINTO VILLO WAS HERE.
PINTO, ASSEMBLED IN NORTH AMERICA BY THE UAW!
PINTO, HOOF, HOOF, HURRAY!
PINTOS FOR EVERYONE..
LET'S BE PINTO PALS.
PINTO. SON OF MODEL T!!
QUIT STALLION, GET A PINTO!
PINTO COSTS A LITTLE WAMPUM.
BIG P, LITTLE i, n, t, oh...
ONE PINTO = 6 MILES PER QUART...

Pinto

America, we heard you loud and clear. And because we listen better, there's Pinto. In the tradition of the Model T, Mustang and Maverick. It's America's smallest car. Easy to buy. Easy to service. Easy on gas. Designed to meet the demands of the American highway. Rock solid stable. With an engine and drivetrain that's been owner proven for 50 million miles. Coming in September. Hi-Ho, Pinto! Away!

Ford

...has a better idea (we listen better)



Why should you buy a racing oil if you never race a car?

Low temperature sludge.

That's what forms inside the crankcase of a never-quite-warmed-up engine.

It comes from stop-and-go driving.

Short trips to the supermarket.

Long idling in the driveway.

And if yours is a supercar, then you're really in trouble.

Unless you use GT-1 racing oil. It's designed specifically to avert the problems all high performance engines are prone to.

Which include foaming and scuffing.

And high temperature varnish.

As well as ordinary gunk, goo and glop.

What makes GT-1 so special?

It's made from the richest 100% Pennsylvania crude, the finest in the world.

An oil so good, it makes our additives work better.

So you get a cleaner engine.

Less friction.

And longer engine life.

You already know it's hard to find.

Now you have another reason to look for it.

Kendall GT-1. The high performance leader of a superior line of 100% pure Pennsylvania motor oils.

Kendall Refining Company

Division of Witco Chemical Corp.
Bradford, Penna. 16701.

You need it, you'll find it.

Also available in Canada.

VOL. 69, NO. 3 LIFE JULY 17, 1970

CONTENTS

Rose Kennedy at 80 20
A visit with Mrs. Kennedy at her home in Hyannis Port and some of her thoughts about her life and her family in conversation with Sylvia Wright. Photographed by Leonard McCombe

The Tiger Cages of Con Son 26
A congressional investigating committee finds secret cells in a concentration camp for South Vietnamese political prisoners. Photographed by Tom Harkin

A Nest of Naiads 30
Five female scientists dive down to live and work for two weeks on the ocean's floor

Chet Huntley Goes Off the Air 33
Half of the famous TV team leaves news broadcasting after 15 years. By Thomas Thompson

Clothes That Tell a Story 38
New designs for dresses, sweatshirts, jackets. Photographed by John Stember

An Indiana Family Emigrates to Canada 42
Dissatisfied with their life in the U.S., the Argasts, like many others, are moving out. Photographed by Vernon Merritt III

Willie York from Big East Fork 53
A lawless old derelict is the subject of a hit song. By David Snell

Painting the Town 60
Ingenious artists liven up drab city walls

DEPARTMENTS

THE PRESIDENCY Great danger from a new direction. By Hugh Sidey 2B

GALLERY Dan McCoy photographs roads 6

REVIEWS 8-10
Philip Kunhardt reports on Japan's Expo '70
Kurt Vonnegut Jr. reviews Dan Wakefield's new novel, *Going All the Way*

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 19

SEQUEL Apollo 11 astronauts a year after their flight. By Gene Farmer 50

PARTING SHOTS A few rules for conversation with Prince Charles and Princess Anne 64A

© 1970 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

COVER–LEONARD McCOMBE **2A**–BILL EPPRIDGE **2B**–cartoon by LURIE **6, 7**–DAN McCOY from BLACK STAR **8**–LARRY BURROWS **10**–LEE BALTERMAN for TIME **30, 31**–STAN WAYMAN **33**–STEPHEN GUION WILLIAMS **50**–LYNN PELHAM from RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE **53, 55, 58**–ARTHUR SCHATZ **60, 61**–JOEL PETER WITKIN exc. lt. HERB GORO **62, 63**–lt. JOEL PETER WITKIN; t. VERNON MERRITT III, HEINZ KLUETMEIER–VERNON MERRITT III **64A**–KEYSTONE, CENTRAL PRESS from PICTORIAL–PRESS ASSOCIATION–LONDON DAILY EXPRESS from PICTORIAL, KEYSTONE **64B**–lt. KEYSTONE–POPPERFOTO from PICTORIAL–KEYSTONE; cen. KEYSTONE (2)–AP; rt. THE TIMES, LONDON from PICTORIAL–KEYSTONE–CENTRAL PRESS from PICTORIAL **65**–lt. LONDON DAILY EXPRESS from PICTORIAL–CENTRAL PRESS from PICTORIAL–UPI–RAY. BELLISARIO LTD.; cen. THE TIMES, LONDON from PICTORIAL–CENTRAL PRESS from PICTORIAL (4)–UPI–CENTRAL PRESS from PICTORIAL; rt. KEYSTONE (2), LONDON DAILY EXPRESS from PICTORIAL **66**–RAY. BELLISARIO LTD.

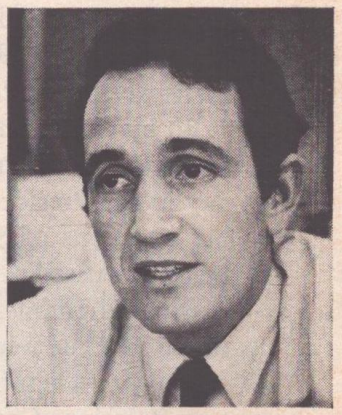
July 17, 1970 Volume 69, Number 3
LIFE is published weekly except two issues yearly combining two issues in one by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U. S. subscriptions $10.00 a year and Canadian subscriptions $12.00 a year.

EDITORS' NOTE

How they unearthed the tiger cages

In this issue we publish a series of photographs taken inside the South Vietnamese prison at Con Son Island. They are the work of a 30-year-old ex-Navy pilot and amateur photographer named Tom Harkin, who was in Vietnam earlier this month as a staff aide to a committee of visiting U.S. congressmen.

Harkin first heard about conditions inside the prison from Don Luce, an executive secretary for the World Council of Churches, who has spent 11 years in Vietnam. Luce was translating a report on prison conditions the day Harkin visited him in Saigon. "I asked him if we could talk to someone who had been in the prison," Harkin recalls. "A couple of days later Luce brought a former prisoner—a young man—to the hotel. He said he'd been in Con Son for 13 months, most of the time in something called 'tiger cages.' His description of them was awfully grim. He said they were well hidden, and that we'd never find them without help, but then he drew us a map."


TOM HARKIN

A routine visit to Con Son was already on the congressional committee's itinerary, but only two congressmen, William R. Anderson of Tennessee and Augustus F. Hawkins of California, expressed any interest in going, even after Harkin told the group of the rumored "tiger cages." Luce, fluent in Vietnamese, joined the three men as interpreter.

"The scheduled tour of the prison compound was routine," Harkin recalls. "The buildings weren't pleasant, but they weren't appalling, either. Luce and I kept consulting the map, and when we figured we were getting close to the 'tiger cages,' we split off from the group and went prowling by ourselves. I was in a vegetable garden when I saw a wall, and a door that didn't seem to go anywhere, and I was sure that was it.

"I whispered to Congressman Hawkins that I'd found the entrance in a vegetable garden. All of a sudden he started asking the prison's commandant about vegetables, and pretty soon we were all in the garden, very near that door. I asked the commandant, a Vietnamese colonel named Ve, what was behind the door. He said it led to another compound but that we couldn't use the door. I insisted that he open it, and he insisted he couldn't. Then there was a clanking sound, and the door swung open. Apparently the guard inside had heard the colonel's voice and thought he wanted to come in. He looked mortified. But before the colonel could say anything, Congressman Hawkins and I barged through the door, and inside, there were the tiger cages."

The congressmen inspected the tiger cages for more than half an hour. When the colonel saw Harkin taking pictures, he angrily demanded the film. Harkin refused. Later, on the trip back to the United States, a member of the congressional delegation also asked for Harkin's film. Again Harkin refused. "I have a higher obligation," he told the congressman, "to those 500 human beings who are jammed in those cages."

Ralph Graves

RALPH GRAVES, *Managing Editor*

Great danger from a new direction

Down in the basement of the White House those nameless men with the short haircuts and the big GI cups of coffee still limber up the Teletype hot line to Moscow every now and then. They use phrases like the one that begins "the quick brown fox jumps . . . ," exercising random characters on the keyboard to make sure it is ready. The fellows in the Kremlin peck back in the same fashion and then at both ends, satisfied the machinery is working, these men go off and do other things.

This comes to mind because of what Richard Nixon has said about the rising danger in the Middle East. The situation in the Middle East now is "terribly dangerous," he told his three television interviewers—more dangerous to us even than Vietnam because "a collision of the superpowers" is possible in the Middle East. The one and only time the hot line was used between Washington and Moscow was in 1967, when the Arabs and Israelis went to war.

Bit by bit the intelligence reports on the Arabs and Israelis have been lengthening each day in the President's secret reading, and the big questions of Soviet mood and intent are being discussed at great length.

Richard Helms, director of the CIA, went to the Hill last week and there was a new note of concern when he talked to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, confirming reports of the steady movement of Soviet weapons and men through Egypt toward the Suez. At the White House a presidential aide rather grimly noted that secret intelligence reports were not necessary to get the picture. Israel's public announcements about Soviet surface-to-air missiles and the use of Russian pilots have been invariably accurate. "No jungle intelligence there," he said with a certain grim satisfaction, contrasting the hard facts of the Suez buildup with the murky battle analysis that comes out of Southeast Asia.

There is a curious exhilaration in the way Nixon goes at the Middle East problem. He knows about the tanks, the planes, the bombs, the battlefields. He was there only a few days after the Six-Day War, conferring with Israel's victorious General Moshe Dayan. Three times in the last nine months he has had detailed military and diplomatic reviews of the area prepared by his top men. He has pored over studies of the larger problems of the Persian Gulf, the whole Mediterranean world.

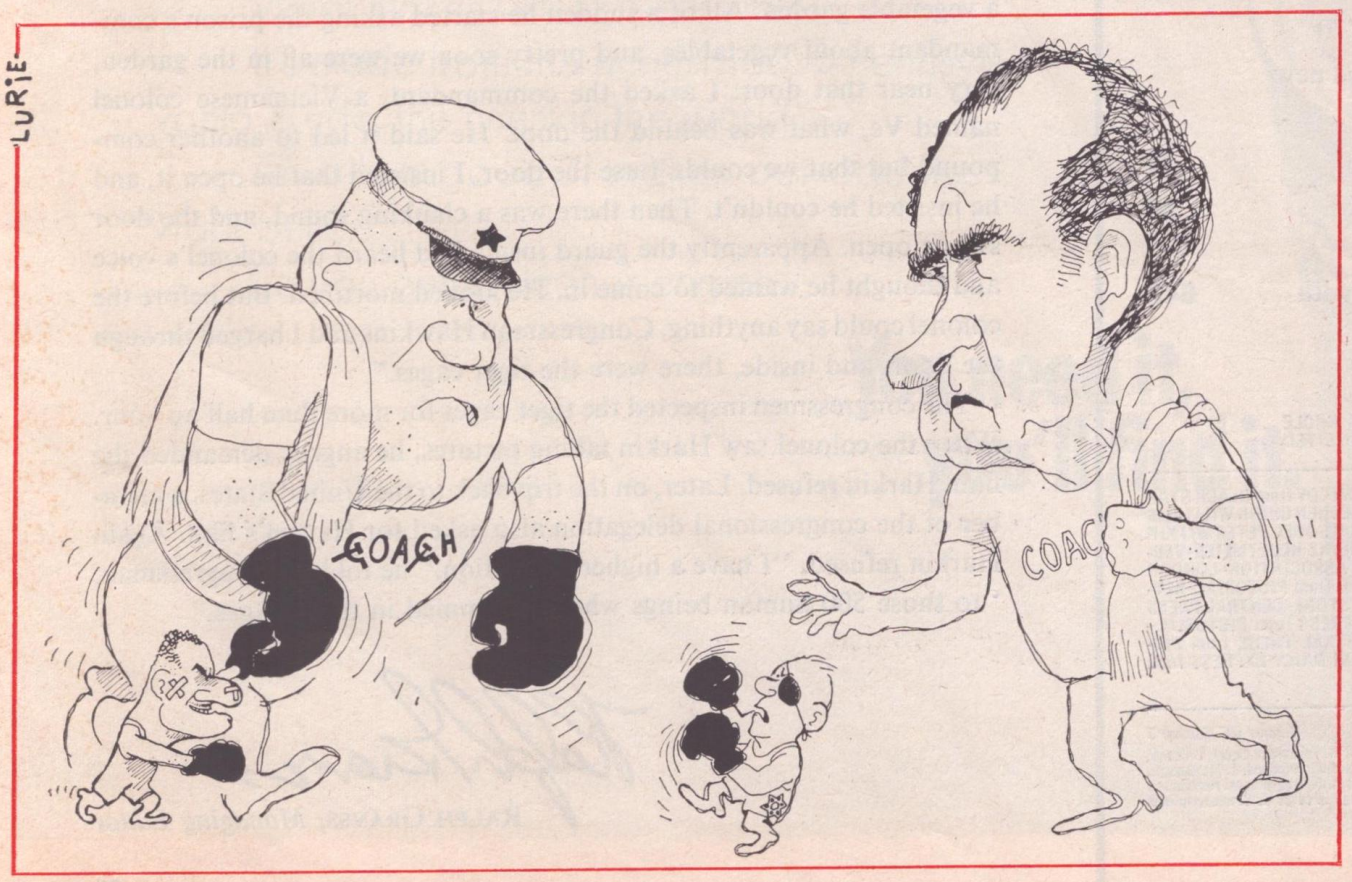
Henry Kissinger has calculated that at the time of the Cuban missile crisis we had 600 missiles, the Soviets 60. Now they equal us in number of missiles, and exceed us in megatonnage. This creates "a different psychological balance," as they say in the White House. If small nations go to war with each other and draw their superpower sponsors into confrontation, then this new confidence in Moscow becomes an element of incredible importance. It is ironic that Senator William Fulbright and Richard Nixon come together here. They both believe that what is deep in the minds and hearts of the Soviet leaders is sometimes more important than armies or fleets.

Richard Nixon has read his memos and current articles. He has listened to the rich outpouring of Kissinger's mind. He sees the small nations to be myopic now, preoccupied with their own problems, ignoring the larger canvas that involves the superpowers. "Like the Balkans before World War I," he said. He was echoing Kissinger's view of diplomatic history: "No one caused World War I . . . no one wanted it."

Nixon has not missed the irony of having many people in this country urging him to rush to the side of little Israel. He has remarked wryly to those around him that it is easier to cope with this sort of sentiment than with advice not to fight, as in Vietnam. The President owes no political debt to the Jewish community that is so frantic about Israel. Still, if there is anything Nixon admires, it is a determined fighter, and he cannot quite disguise a glow when he talks about the "guts, patriotism, idealism, a passion for freedom" of the Israelis: "I have seen it. I know."

Nixon in his Oval Office has marveled morning after morning at the Israelis and their unyielding adversaries, but he always has cast his eye farther—to Moscow. In a strange way our relations with Moscow are better than ever. We are talking with them about arms limitation and even about the Middle East. There is the smiling Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, about town making pleasant and hopeful observations in embassy salons and gardens when the heat of the day has subsided. But the Russian military might grows in Egypt, in the Mediterranean, in the Soviet Union. Nixon has concluded that their interests in some ways are as narrow as those of the small nations. Nixon's blunt television warnings were deliberately designed to make Moscow pay attention. In the White House view, the Cambodian invasion was in one sense another message that the President was not to be dismissed in the Middle East. For countless hours, sitting alone or talking with his men, Nixon has tried to discern whether the Russians have concluded that with their new military strength they can now stare us down, as they could not do in the Cuban missile crisis.

From the day of his election Nixon has wanted to be in touch with the Soviet hierarchy, to build some kind of summit meeting where he could begin to reduce the East-West tensions from which many small fires spring. He has been disappointed. He sees the men on the other side as brutal, cold and egotistical. He is not overwhelmed by their ability, although this does not make them any the less dangerous. But Richard Nixon, in his singular way, appreciates the complexity of the Middle East problem and believes that his skills in diplomacy have prepared him to handle it.



Canadian Whisky

A blend of the finest Canadian Whiskies

It doesn't always mean what you think.

It's common knowledge that the word "Canadian" means you're getting a good whisky.

But some people take it to mean they're getting a *great* whisky. And that's not necessarily true.

Even in Canada, great whiskies are a rarity. And nobody knows this better than we.

Because we know how much trouble it took us to come up with one.

It took us decades of whisky making experience.

We had to use five separate distilleries.

We had the best blenders and tasters in the business.

It took us literally years to create what we think is the finest whisky in Canada.

So don't try it because it's Canadian.

Try it because it's Canadian Lord Calvert.

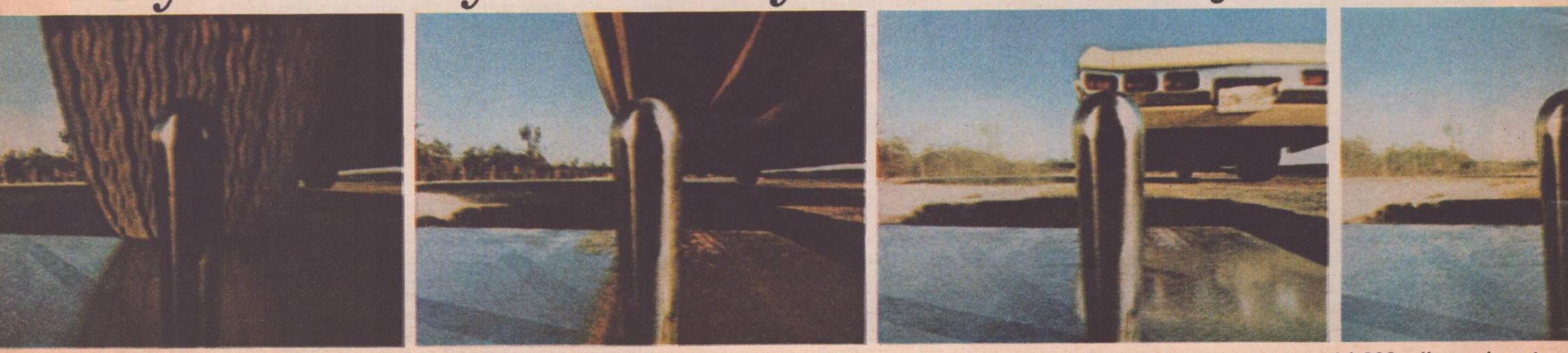
IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND • 80 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

For your sake, Shell hopes that can go 40,000 miles

With 40,000 tough test miles* already on it, this

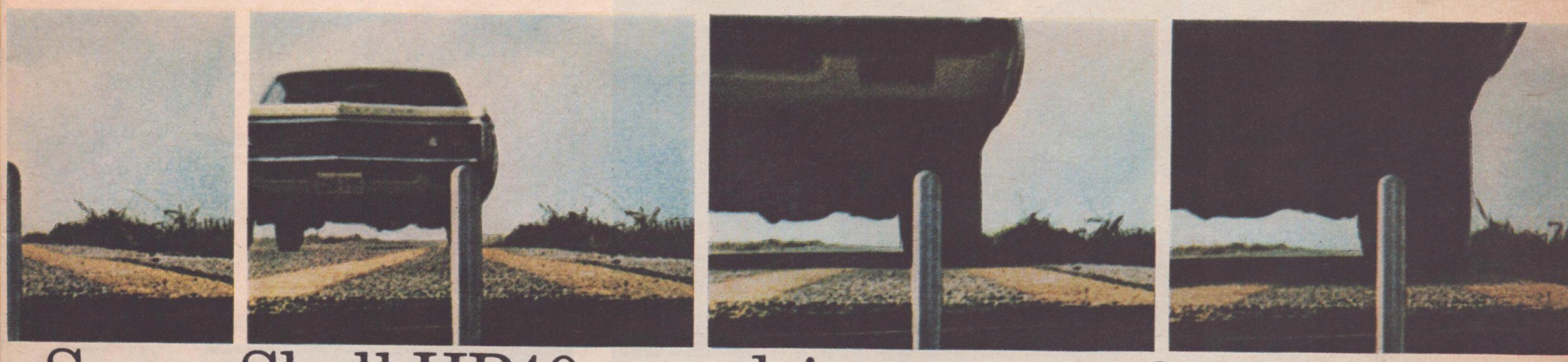
steel rod at 60 miles an hour.** And it survived.

Do you think you can say the same for your tires?

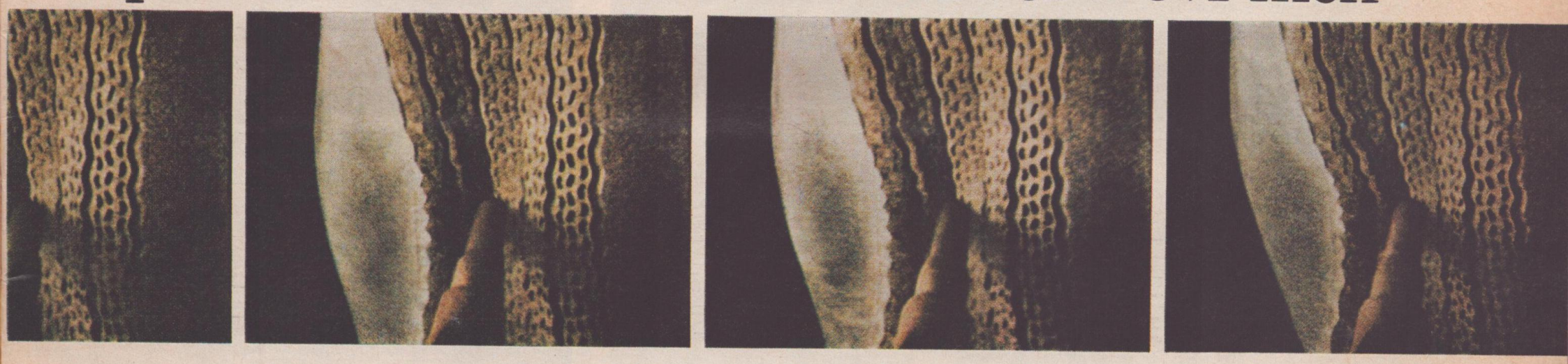


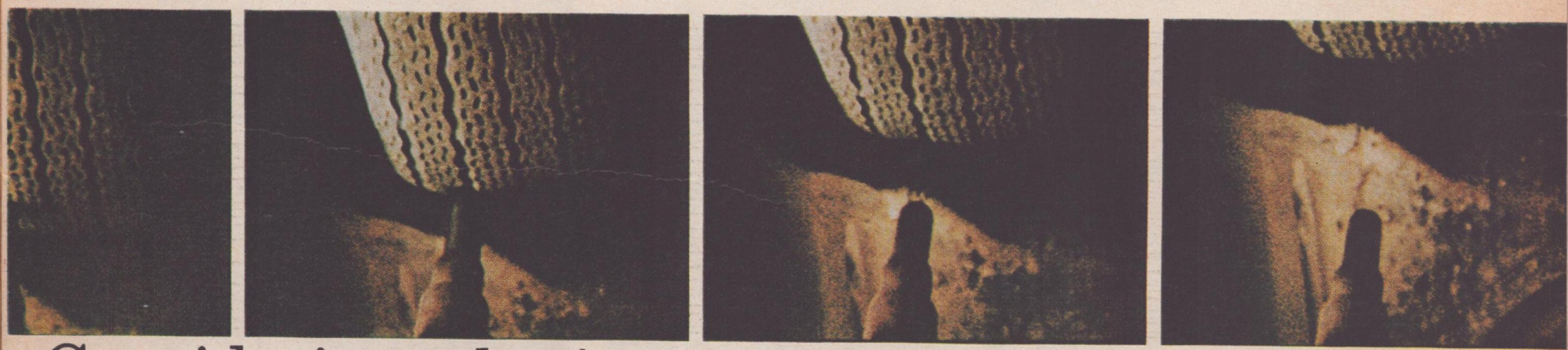
*A standard Chevrolet sedan weighted to 5,220 lbs., the equivalent of 6 adults and luggage, was driven 40,000 miles at an average of 1,000 miles a day at
**A standard Chevrolet sedan weighted to 4,400 lbs. with tire pressure at 30 psi. †HP40 is Shell's brand name. No industry-wide system of grading quality

you have a tire and still pass this test.

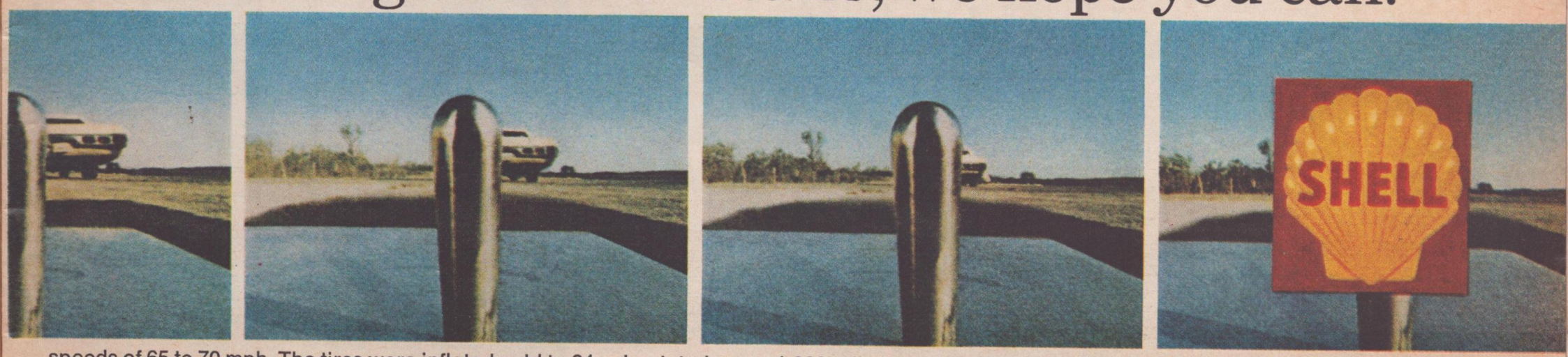


Super Shell HP40 was driven over a 3½ inch

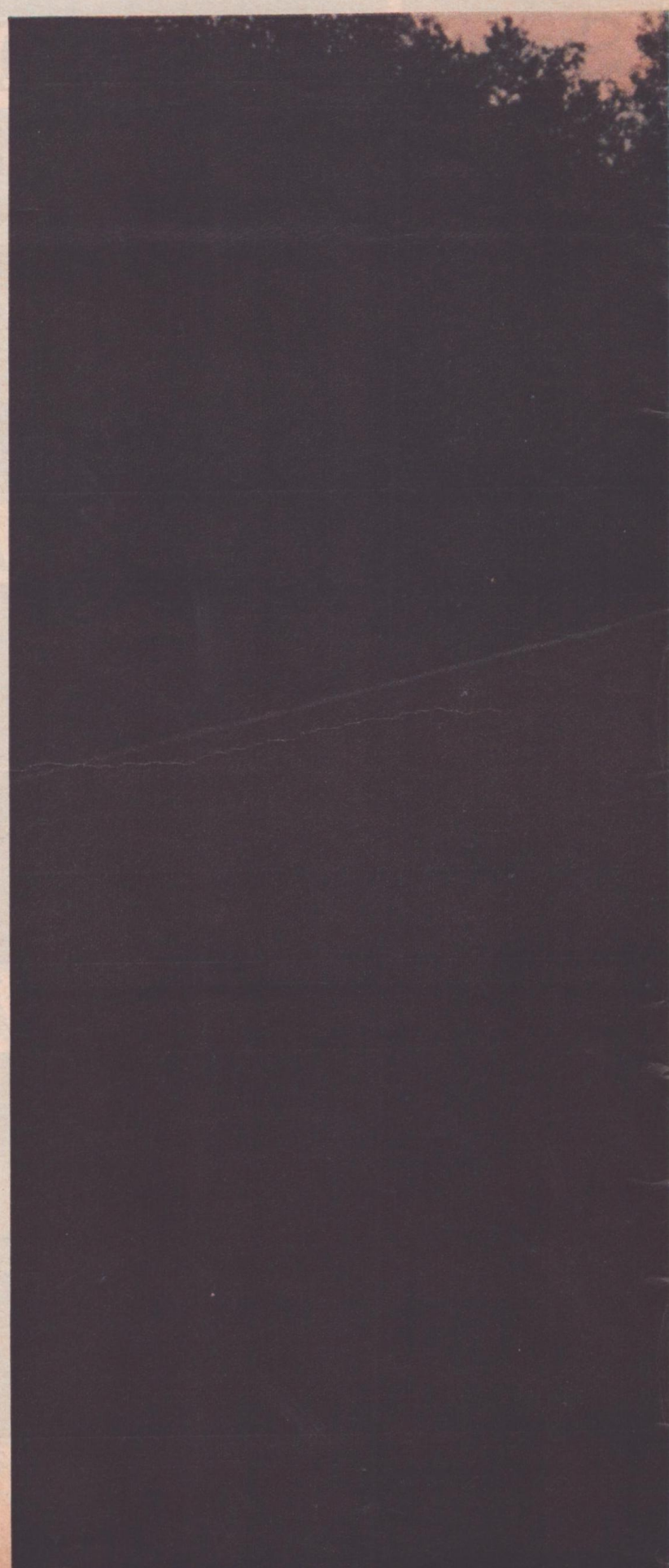




Considering what's at stake, we hope you can.

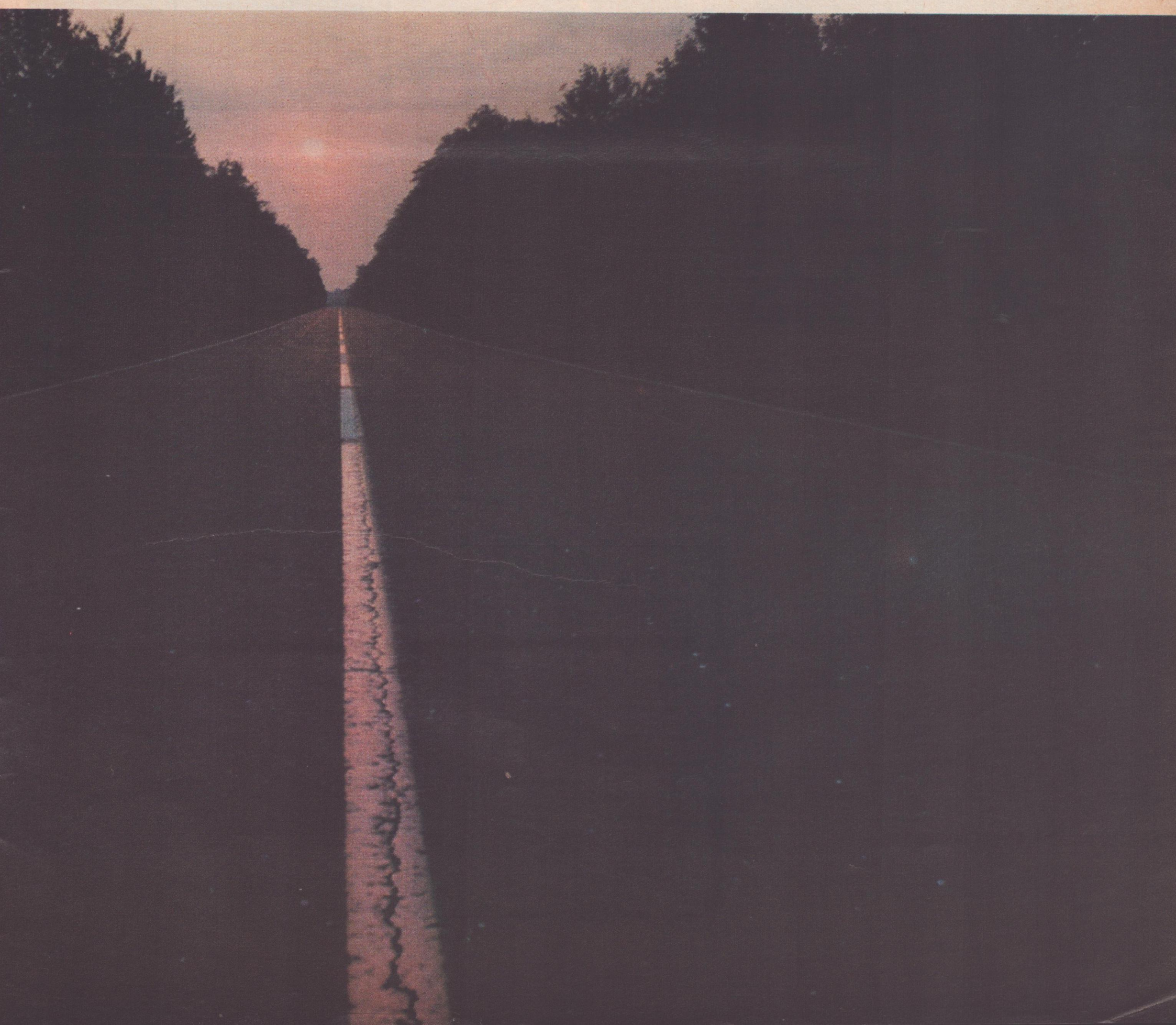


speeds of 65 to 70 mph. The tires were inflated cold to 24 psi, rotated every 1,000 miles and alignment was checked every 4,000 miles.
exists.



GALLERY

When Dan McCoy was a boy in Tennessee, it seemed to him that the roads there moved in harmony with the landscape and "took on a feeling for the place themselves." In these two roads he captures a sense of place —one of them a ribbon winding past the Greek Peloponnesus, the other a broad band lying across the Mississippi Delta on a languid afternoon.

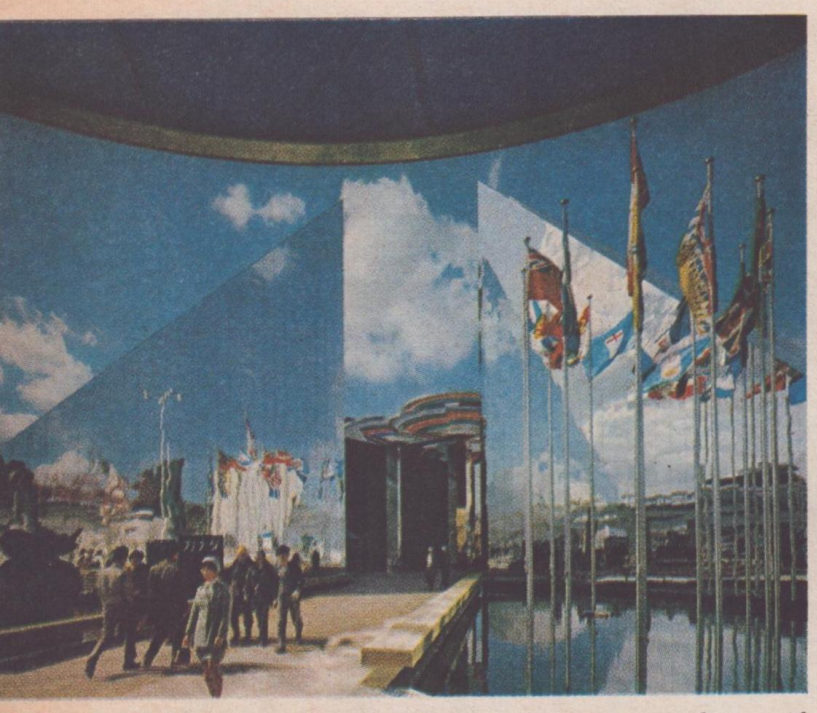


LIFE REVIEW

The fair Japan waited a century for

EXPO '70 IN OSAKA

The Japanese never do anything with half a heart. Fads sweep the land like plagues; suddenly millions of people are working terribly seriously, even savagely, at skiing or bowling or golfing or gambling or climbing Mt. Fuji. This summer's fad in Japan is Expo '70. It makes not the slightest difference that in Western terms the fair is a disappointment, that it has little new to offer, that an American staggers away from it dizzied by all the hoked-up futuristic sights and sounds, or that he is deflated by its lack of innovation. What does matter in Japan is that the Far East finally has its



Canada's mirror-sheathed, truncated pyramid

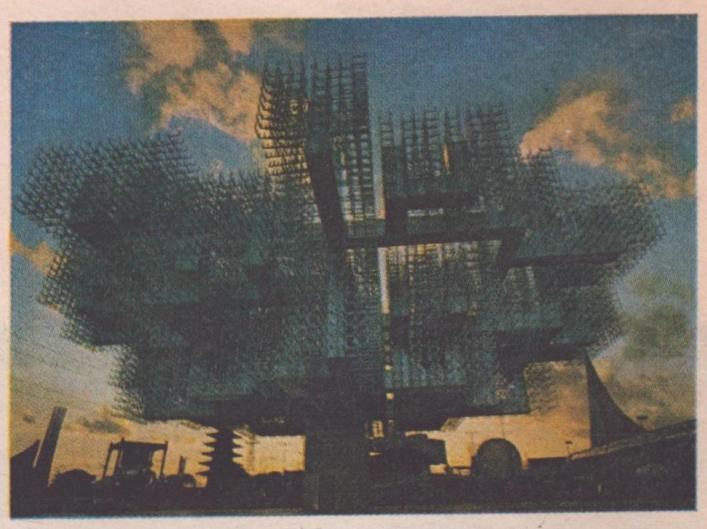
first bona fide World Exposition and that it is in the right place—the land of the most industrious, daring, clever people of the Orient. To the Japanese the fair is a gigantic national treasure, to be visited like a shrine. From every prefecture of the five islands, citizens pour into the Senri Hills outside of Osaka to wallow in pride at their garish happening. Holding the 1964 Olympics was pretty good, but it was just a lot of games. Expo '70 is the real thing, adult stuff, a thing only a land that had really made it could pull off.

Japan has waited a long time for its fair. When the first official World Exposition was taking place in London's Crystal Palace 119 years ago, Japan was still isolated from the rest of the world, a condition Commodore Perry changed in 1853 by sailing his four black ships into the harbor of Uraga and sendfng a letter of greeting from U.S. President Millard Fillmore to the reigning shogun. After that it didn't take long for Japan to catch on to the fair business. In almost no time Japanese silks and lacquerware were being exhibited at the next exposition in Europe, and in 1873 Japan shipped off 66 technical engineers to Vienna's fair with orders to learn the secrets of the West and bring them back alive. As early as the turn of the century Japan began craving a fair of its own, but until the 1930s it was turned down by the international committee as being "unqualified." Finally the blessing came, but World War II interrupted a Tokyo extravaganza planned for 1940. Twenty-five years later, after defeat, occupation, rebuilding and a new confidence from a booming economy, Japan reapplied and was given the OK for 1970. Scores of fair watchers were dispatched to Montreal three years ago. Planners went to work, Japanese industry pitched in with a frenzy, more than 80 foreign countries signed up for pavilions. What finally bloomed is a dizzy Disneyland of buildings and exhibits so un-Oriental in character that the only truly Japanese-looking pavilion, a conglomerate-sponsored copy of a seven-story pagoda that once stood in the compound of Nara's Todaiji Temple, looks strangely out of place.

Of course the average Japanese visitor—he is 98 out of every 100 who enter the fairgrounds—is absolutely delighted that Expo '70 does *not* reek with national character. After all, his whole life long he has been surrounded by and steeped in his country's history of beauty and violence, its delicate architecture, its exquisite style of painting, its economy of statement, its impeccable sense of design. In the fair he wants something foreign, something new, something that looks as if it were part of the space age. For better or worse he's got it, a mélange of spheres and Texas towers and rocket-shaped constructions whose insides spray film at him and drench him in sound. All that along with a few interesting buildings and exhibits: Canada's lovely sloping mirrored walls; Switzerland's superb tree of lights; Australia's cantilevered skyhook; British Columbia's rising thrust of logs; our tasteful array of Americana housed almost all underground beneath an imaginative superellipse of white air-supported cable roof. And along with a lot of other good points: excellent transportation and parking facilities, 3,000 charming hostesses who bow at the slightest provocation and sometimes without any at all; free child-care centers and baby strollers and wheelchairs; almost overly efficient fire and ambulance service—watch yourself when you hear a siren or you may easily be the next victim. And more: a monorail train encircling the fair along with a web of plastic-domed moving sidewalks to slide visitors from place to place.

Color-blending spinners of Canada's exhibit

If you plan to visit Expo '70 this summer, there are a few things about which you should be forewarned. The Japanese who come to see their fair are truly excited about seeing it, and see it they do, charging from one pavilion to the next, elbowing and pushing and stampeding along, hell-bent on being able to tell their friends back home they have witnessed every last wonder. Everybody has



Switzerland's giant aluminum tree sculpture

a fair "passport" which is stamped at the exit desk of each pavilion, providing for certain proof of having been there. Swarms of children thrust autograph books at any foreigner—the scribbled names in different languages make for more proof. The lines to the most popular pavilions wind for a mile or more. It would be a matter of personal disgrace, for instance, to go home without seeing the U.S. moon rock or the Soviet Union's orgy of Russiana. Once inside after three or four hours in the hot sun, the hordes almost trot past the exhibits they have waited so long to see, their minds already on what line they will join next. Watch out for little bent-over old ladies; they are like immovable stumps and no matter how frail they look, they can hip you out of line with the merest of body actions. If you're more than six feet tall, watch your head—everything the Japanese have made is too low: signs, archways, doorways, headroom of all kinds. Most important of all, try to be Japanese in your outlook. Enjoy the human washing machine; if you can wash clothes in a machine, why not an almost naked lady? Scribble something on the scribbling wall. Get immersed in cow slaughtering, thalidomide babies, giraffes and daisies in the Fuji Company's total immersion temple. Ride the five-mile-long roller coaster. Enjoy the French pavilion at night as hundreds of tiny strobe lights blink like a nest of souped-up fireflies. Don't mind that the Swiss pavilion won't serve cheese fondu because it doesn't want its carpeted walls, ceilings and floors to smell of cheese and garlic. In Robot Land let the robot take your picture. In the Telecommunications exhibit watch 200 TV sets simultaneously show you a crying baby. Go to the "love show"—moving close-ups of breasts and thighs served up by the leading bra and pantie firm in Japan. Have fun!

by Philip Kunhardt
LIFE *Assistant Managing Editor*

Choose now to be a winter winner!

Announcing the start of the "Year of the Cat.". This exciting year starts now that the four all-new Arctic Cat snowmobiles for 1971 are arriving at your dealer's showroom. Be among the first to see Arctic's new winning line-up for this special year. See the newest Panther of them all. See the lightweight, economical new Lynx. See the race-bred Puma. And see the EXT, Arctic's laboratory on skis. Yes, the early lookers are the winners. Because your Arctic Cat dealer offers early lookers his biggest selection and his easiest trading. So choose now . . . at the start of the Year of the Cat. And be among the winners when winter comes.

ARCTIC CAT

this is the year of the Cat

© 1970 ARCTIC ENTERPRISES, INC., THIEF RIVER FALLS, MINNESOTA

LIFE **BOOK REVIEW**

Oversexed in Indianapolis

GOING ALL THE WAY
by DAN WAKEFIELD
(Delacorte Press) $6.95

Dan Wakefield is a friend of mine. We both went to Shortridge High School in Indianapolis—where the students put out a *daily* paper, by the way. His publisher is my publisher. He has boomed my books. So I would praise his first novel, even if it were putrid. But I wouldn't give my Word of Honor that it was good.

Word of Honor: Mr. Wakefield has been a careful and deep author of nonfiction for years—*Island in the City*, *Revolt in the South*, *The Addict*. . . . *The Atlantic Monthly* gave him an issue all his own for *Supernation at Peace and War*. Word of Honor: he is also an important novelist now.

Going All the Way is about what hell it is to be oversexed in Indianapolis, and why so many oversexed people run away from there. It is also about the narrowness and dimness of many lives out that way. And I guarantee you this: Wakefield himself, having written this book, can never go home again. From now on, he will have to watch the 500-mile Speedway race on television.

This is a richer book than *Portnoy's Complaint*, with wider concerns and more intricate characters, but the sexual problems are much the same. Wakefield shows us two horny young Hoosiers, and it is easy to imagine their meeting Alexander Portnoy in a Howard Johnson's—midway between Indianapolis and New York. If they were candid with one another, they would admit that they were rotten lovers, and they might suppose mournfully that rotten lovers were not welcomed by women *anywhere*.

Going All the Way is a period piece, incidentally—set in ancient times, at the close of the Korean War. And every book is a period piece now—since years or even weeks in America no longer resemble each other at all.

This book is full of belly laughs, but I am suspicious of belly laughs as entirely happy experiences. The only way to get a belly laugh, I've found, is to undermine a surface joke with more unhappiness than most mortals can bear.

After a series of low-comedy sexual failures, for instance, one of Wakefield's heroes cuts his wrists lightly with a razor blade, ". . . so that rivulets of blood began to flow together, forming a thick little puddle."

Dan Wakefield

This isn't funny, and the scene becomes less funny as it goes on: "He started smearing the blood over his face and over the front of his torn shirt, like an Indian painting himself to prepare for a ceremony—a battle, a blessing, a death."

So much for sexual comedy. Nobody dies in the book, but a lot of people would like to, or at least wouldn't mind.

Wakefield's reportage of life in Middle America, as one might expect, is gruesomely accurate and enchanting. His sex-addled fools drive their parents' automobiles through a vast pinball machine whose bumpers and kickers are strip joints and taverns and gas stations and golf driving ranges and hamburger stands. They seek whorehouses, which, it turns out, have been closed for years.

They return home periodically to their smug and vapid parents, grumpily declining to say where they've been. Their stomachs, already churning with hamburgers and beer, twist even more grotesquely when their parents want to know when they are going to settle down to nice jobs and nice wives and nice houses in Indianapolis.

Finally—there is a tremendous automobile crash.

And, finally again, this wildly sexy novel isn't a sex novel. It is really about a society so drab that sex seems to the young to be the only adventure with any magic in it. When sex turns out to be merely sex, the young flee to more of the same elsewhere—and they play dangerous games with, among other things, automobiles and razor blades.

How old are Wakefield's protagonists? About the same age Ernest Hemingway was when he returned to Middle America as a quiet, wounded, authentic hero of World War I.

by Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Mr. Vonnegut's most recent book is Slaughterhouse-Five.

ERIK THE RED IS HERE!
WITH A NEW BURGUNDY AROMA.
A mellow new taste and aroma; a rich new smoking satisfaction in a filter tip cigar. In the bold size of Scandinavian descent. New Erik Burgundy. Spirited companion to famous Erik Regular and Erik Menthol.
ERIK
BURGUNDY
FILTER TIPPED CIGARS
Package 10 of Ten
©1970 Lorillard

Take one and be one in a million

Discover for yourself, as a million passengers already have, the incredibly spacious world of the Boeing 747 superjet.

The 747 is the airplane with living room. There's more room when you sit down. More leg room, more head room and shoulder room. And when you stand up, there's room to stretch. There's a new sense of freedom in flight.

For first class passengers there's the spiral staircase that leads to the unique penthouse lounge. It's a place where you can mind your own business. Or have a party.

Wherever you go on a Boeing 747, you will be going in an airplane that makes you feel like a million. Take one soon. Just for the fun of it.

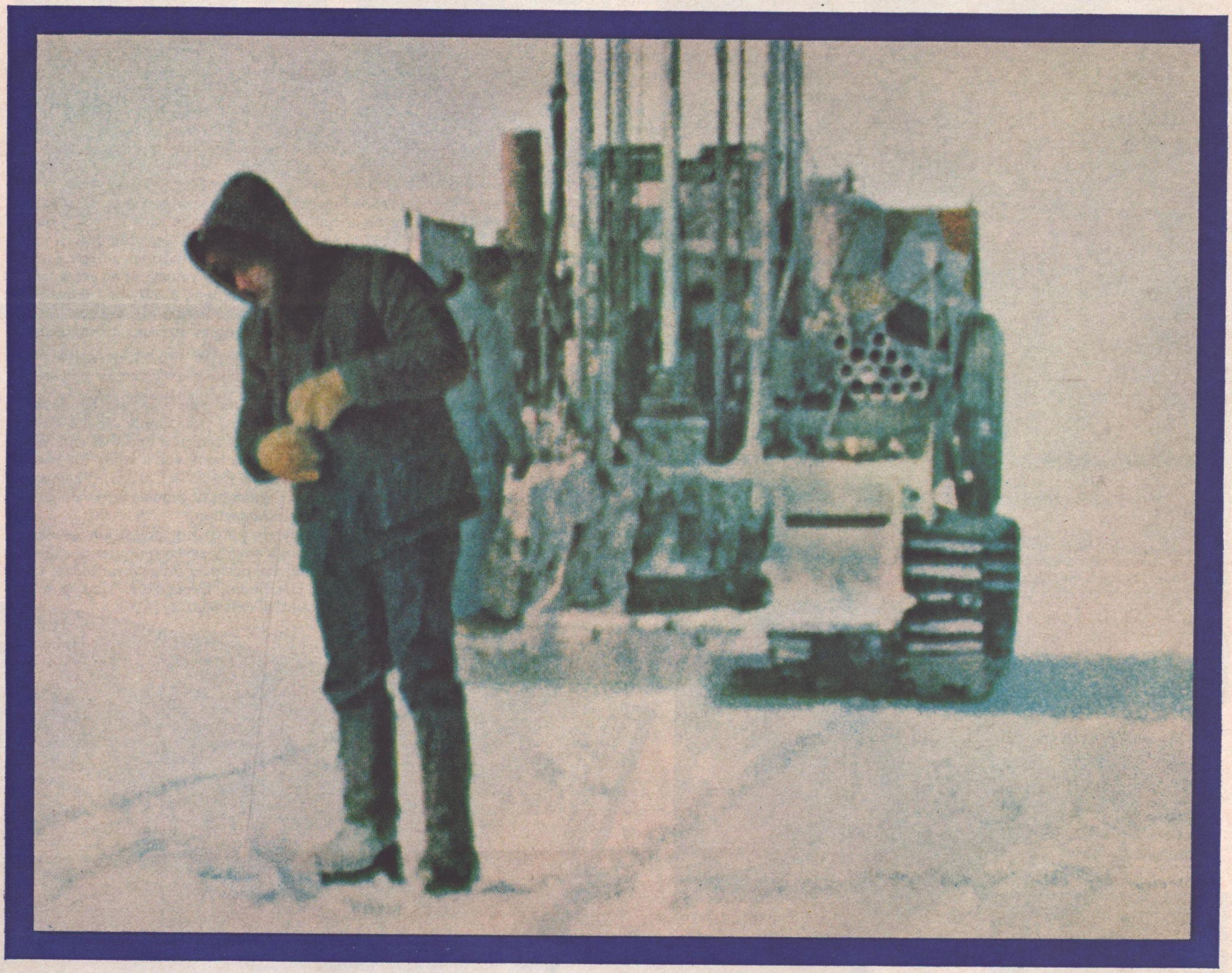
Boeing 747s now serve Amsterdam, Boston, Brussels, Chicago, Frankfurt, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Lisbon, London, Los Angeles, Madrid, Milan, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Montreal, New York, Paris, Rome, San Francisco, San Juan, Seattle, Tokyo, Washington, D.C.

Fly Boeing 747s with: Air France, Alitalia, American, Continental, JAL, Lufthansa, Northwest, Pan Am, TWA. Later: Air Canada, Air-India, BOAC, Braniff, Condor, Delta, Eastern, El Al, Iberia, Irish-Aer Lingus, KLM, National, Qantas, SAS, Sabena, South African, Swissair, United, Universal, World.

BOEING 747

Peary of the Arctic Circle.

Brown of the Arco Circle.



Sixty-one years ago Commander Peary endured the hardships of the Arctic Circle on his way to the North Pole.

Today, men like Jim Brown of Atlantic Richfield Company, producers of ARCO petroleum products, are in the Arctic Circle drilling for oil. They're at the North Slope of Alaska, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle. The place we call the ARCO Circle. Since the time of Peary, little has changed.

The Arctic is just as big an adventure for men like Brown as it was for Peary.

Atlantic Richfield, the company that discovered oil above the Arctic Circle, is the same company behind the Sinclair dealer in your neighborhood.

As long as we have men like Jim Brown working for us, your local Sinclair dealer will always have the gasoline you need for your car.

Sinclair

ARCO

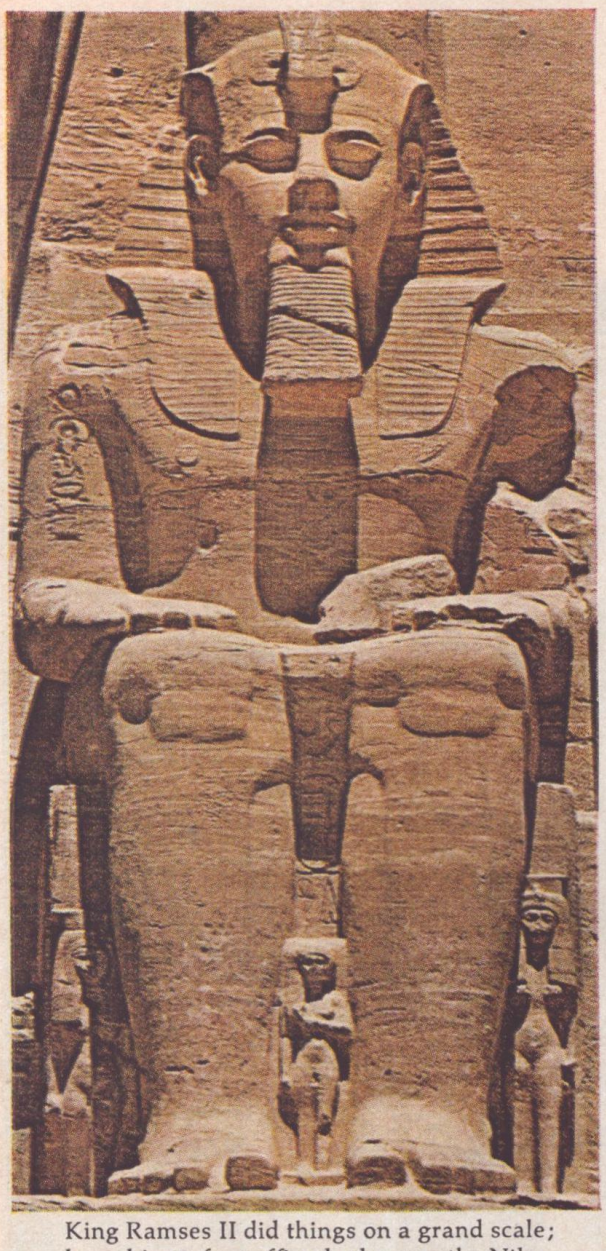
Products of AtlanticRichfieldCompany

Penetrate the secrets of the pyramids...

Visit ANCIENT EGYPT for 10 days free

as a guest of TIME LIFE BOOKS

Share the mysterious rituals and the boisterous fun of a magnificent civilization that flourished for twenty-seven centuries



King Ramses II did things on a grand scale; here, his 67-foot effigy looks over the Nile.

Let TIME-LIFE BOOKS take you beyond the rigid death masks, the somber tombs, the unsmiling portraits that Ancient Egypt presents to history. Meet the Egyptians as they really were at the height of their splendor: a gay, romantic people who glorified death only because they viewed it as a happy continuance of life.

Start with The Great Pyramid at Gizeh, built of stone blocks weighing up to 15 tons apiece, fitted together as precisely as a necklace clasp. Learn how workmen sealed it off so effectively (from the *inside*) it took looters 400 years to gain entrance. Gaze at the statue of Queen Nefertiti (whose name means "the beautiful one is come"), and see the 3,000 year old mummified head of Ramses II. Now in a Cairo museum, Ramses arrived there after suffering the indignity of being taxed as dried fish by a befuddled customs inspector.

The lively people who built monuments to death

The Egyptians wrote lyric poetry to lost loves; their doctors prescribed castor oil and used sutures; they endured history's first recorded labor strike, worked out the beginnings of geometry—but had trouble with fractions. Their women used hair curlers, tweezers, and eye-shadow, and workers were allowed "sick leave." (There is even one recorded case of a man excused from work because his wife had beaten him up.)

To the Greeks of 2,000 years ago, Egypt was "ancient." Blessed with a unique genius for organization, the Egyptians formed the world's first united nation more than 3,000 years before Christ—and sustained it for an astonishing 27 centuries. In *Ancient Egypt*, Lionel Casson, Professor of Classics at New York University, gives you an intimate, authoritative view of a people who in some respects fell short of greatness—but whose span of accomplishment has few rivals in human history.

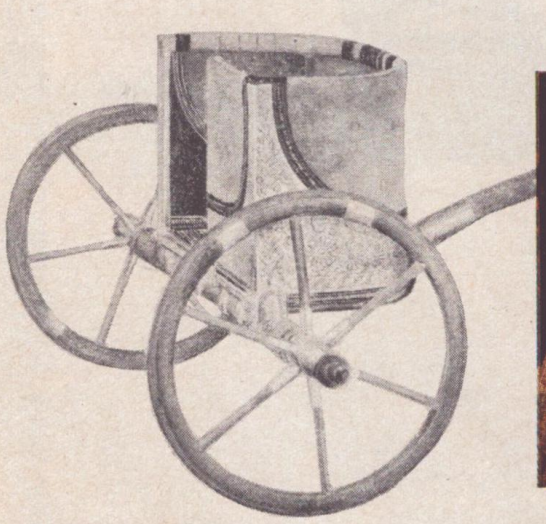
The GREAT AGES OF MAN Series

Ancient Egypt is your introductory volume in GREAT AGES OF MAN—a series of absorbing adventures brought to you by the editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS. In text and photographs, each volume presents one of the high points, one of the most inspired periods in human history. *Ancient Egypt* is typical of the series: clothbound, 8¾" x 10¾", it is nearly 200 pages, with over 152 illustrations, maps, and photographs (including 63 in full color). Ordinarily, such a book would cost $7 or $8, but thanks to our large print orders, you pay only $4.95 ($5.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. And with your first volume, at no extra cost, you receive a specially written, 5,200 word introduction to the GREAT AGES OF MAN series, entitled "What Man Has Built," by Jacques Barzun, distinguished scholar and critic.

Read the book first—decide later

Examine *Ancient Egypt* in your home for ten days—absolutely free. If you and your family are not satisfied in every way, simply return it and that ends the matter. If you feel it is a book you'll enjoy for years to come, pay only $4.95 ($5.25 in Canada). Then you will receive future volumes at regular intervals—also for a free 10-day examination.

There is absolutely no cost or obligation, so why not browse through twenty-seven centuries of gilded civilization? Mail the postpaid order form today. Or write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 3101, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



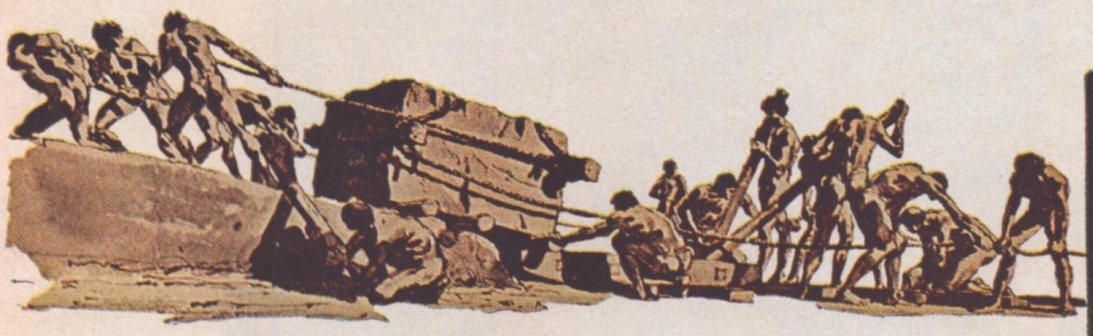
Horse-drawn chariots made up the army's front line.

This gilded 6-foot lioness served as a pharaoh's bier.

Among other volumes in Great Ages Of Man

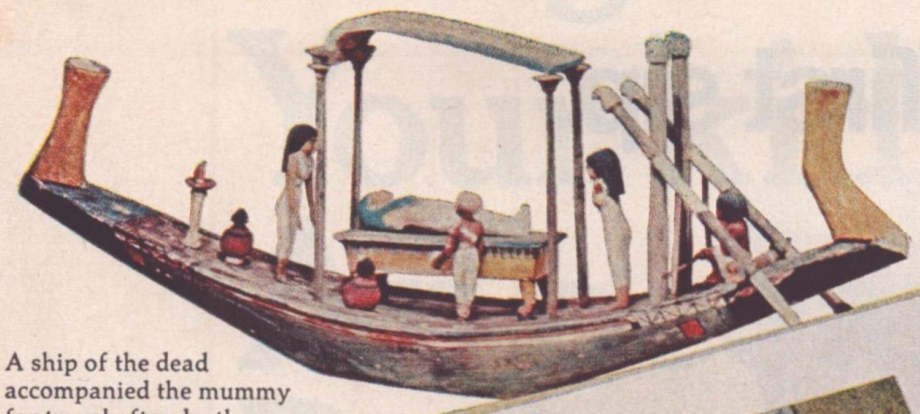
Written by Lionel Casson.
Actual size: 8¾" x 10¾".
Nearly 200 pages.
Over 152 illustrations, 63 in full color.

and the culture that built them

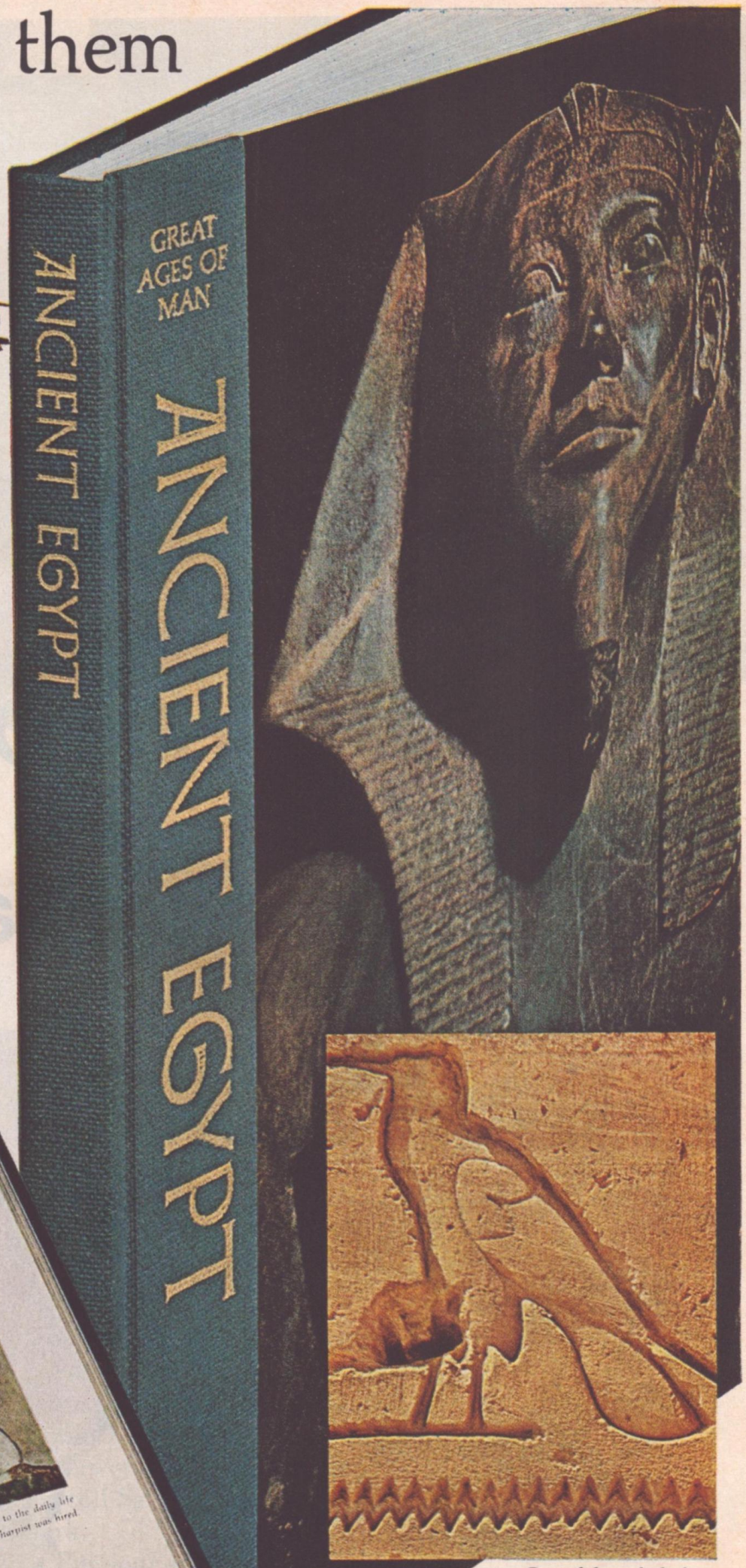


The trim lines of the ancients' sailboat —the *felucca*—are untouched by time.

Archeologist Howard Carter spent 6 years digging for Tutankhamen's tomb.



A ship of the dead accompanied the mummy for travel after death.



Graceful symbols form hieroglyphic art.

PLAYING A HARP, a servant adds a pleasant note to the daily life of a noble house. For banquets a professional harpist was hired

THE SERVANTS' ROLE

Servants were essential to the well-run, noble Egyptian household. Some, trained in personal service, worked as maids, played musical instruments about the house, or tended to banquet guests. Others were employed outside the main house, cooking, baking, washing the laundry or working in the fields. Servants were frequently foreigners, Nubians and Asiatics taken in war. Others may have been bought in slave markets. Although servants destined for a lord's household or his harem were highly prized and often very costly, they did not always live in harmony—some Egyptian paintings depict servant girls fighting among themselves.

ADJUSTING AN EARRING, a slave girl aids a guest at a banquet. A ...nts labored at helping noblewomen look their best.

107

This wooden bust of Tutankhamen was once dressed in rare gems.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 86 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

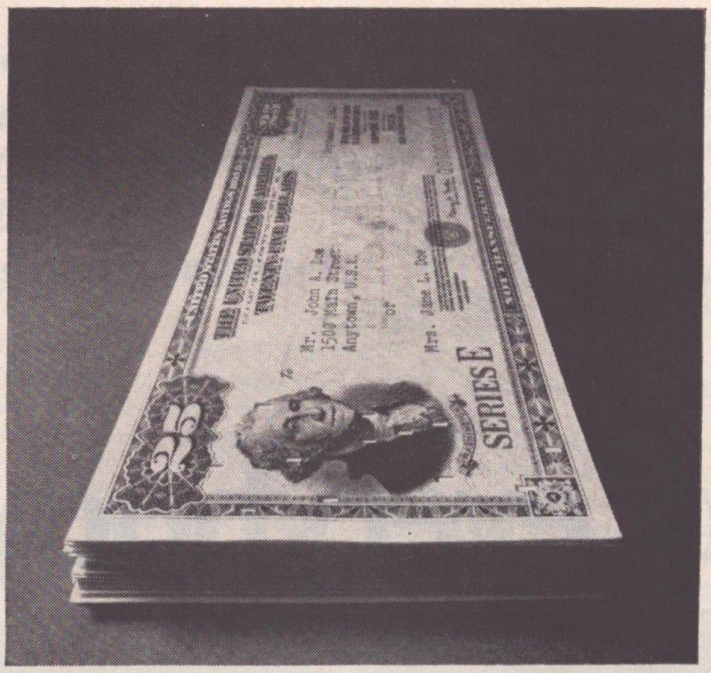
Introducing the Old Crow Love Bird:

it's love at first sip.

Not just another cocktail!
It's the new Passion Fruit sensation from Holland House –made with Old Crow.

1. Start with a jigger of Old Crow...
2. Add Love Bird Mix—new from Holland House!...
3. A little ice, fruit and soft music...
4. And now you're ready to make your second Love Bird...and your third... and...

*To get a set of two Love Bird 4-oz. glasses, send $2.00 to: Love Bird Stemware, P.O. Box 333, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.
Enclosed is_____. Please send me_____ set/s of stemware postpaid.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip Code_____
Make checks payable to Lovebird Stemware. No cash. *Valid only where legal. Expires 1/1/71.



This is a summer cottage. Your kid's education. An ocean voyage. Retirement.

Pretty practical way to look at something as patriotic as U.S. Savings Bonds, right? Well, there's nothing un-American about being practical. Which is exactly what you are when you put your savings into U.S. Savings Bonds.

Also, the money you put into U.S. Savings Bonds is obviously safe. In fact, even if your Savings Bonds are lost, stolen, or burned, we'll replace them.

And, in case you have to save time as well as money, Savings Bonds are surprisingly easy to buy. You can pick them up at your bank. Or have someone else do the paperwork for you by joining the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

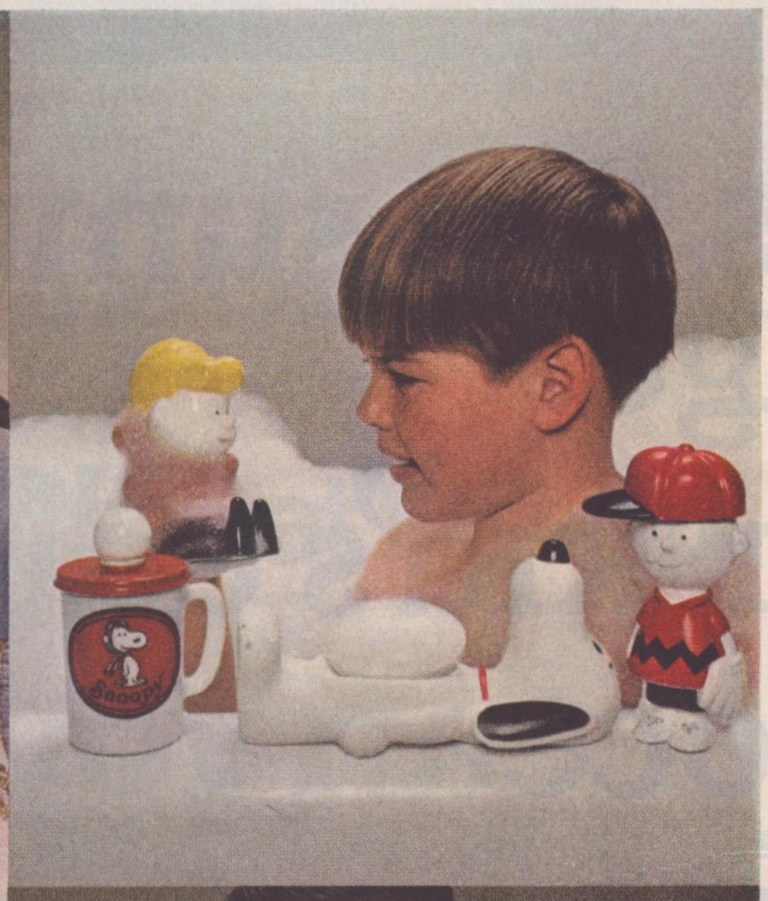
Put your savings in Savings Bonds. You could eventually end up with the summer cottage *and* the college education *and* the ocean voyage *and* retirement. And whatever else you want to save for.

Take stock in America
Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

R

"...What service! My Avon Lady
comes over with
so many terrific products.
It's easy!
I just pick and order..."

Everything for everybody from Avon.



Easiness. And friendliness.
And personal attention.
That's what your Avon Lady brings.
Great products. And real service.
That's what your Avon Lady offers.
For you. Your husband.
Your children. For everybody.
For everyday. For every need.
Take a minute
to look through the Avon Brochure.
You'll see why it's a family favorite.
And you'll know why ordering
everything for everybody
is easy when the doorbell rings
and it's AVON CALLING.

AVON

ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK. ©1970 AVON PRODUCTS, INC.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PALESTINIAN ARABS

Sirs: In her article on our leader, Dr. George Habash (June 12), Oriana Fallaci has proved to be anything but a journalist. Her so-called interview with Dr. Habash is very unauthentic. As a matter of fact much of it is fabricated.

Before going into details, we would like to make two general comments. It is obvious that Oriana Fallaci has not only committed herself to the description of the acts of the Palestinian resistance as "terrorism," but she has stupidly gone to the extent of rephrasing the questions to which Dr. Habash responded, a rephrasing in which she uses the term "terrorism." Dr. Habash could not have allowed her the use of such a term without refuting the claim that such acts were acts of "terror." In some passages that Fallaci quotes as being the responses of Dr. Habash, she has substituted the term "Jews" in place of "Zionists." To us this has only one explanation. She is anti-Semitic at heart. Her anti-Semitism takes a new shape—an anti-Semitism against the Arabs who are believed to be Semites.

Dr. Habash was not "until a few years ago . . . running a private clinic. . . ." Dr. Habash has not practiced medicine since 1957, when the reactionary regime in Jordan suppressed the national movement and he had to take asylum outside of Jordan.

In response to the question "Doesn't the prospect of triggering a third world war bother you?" Fallaci quotes Dr. Habash as saying: "To be frank, it doesn't. . . . Whatever the price, we'll continue our struggle to return home." Dr. Habash under no circumstances said any such thing. Such an answer would come from people who do not give a damn about man and his future, such as the fascists of whom Oriana Fallaci might be a close friend.

Fallaci replaces "Jew" for "Zionist" when she quotes Dr. Habash as saying: "We believe that to kill a Jew far from the battleground has more of an effect than killing 100 of them in battle; it attracts more attention. And when we set fire to a store in London, those few flames are worth the burning down of two *kibbutzim*." This is also a misquotation. To the PFLP the liquidation of a Zionist wherever he might be is important. Burning down a Zionist store in London is not worth the burning down of two *kibbutzim*. The whole scale of evaluations and priorities quoted in this so-called replay runs contrary to PFLP's declared strategy.

Another of Fallaci's fabrications is this response of Dr. Habash to one of her questions: "I had to do what I did, and I am not sorry. There was just too much contradiction between my political activity and my work at the hospital. A man cannot split his feelings like that: to cure on the one hand, to kill on the other." The attempts of Oriana Fallaci to put words into the mouth of Dr. Habash are quite clear. She tries to show that what is being done by the *fedayeen* is killing. This is a resistance movement and a war of liberation. Whatever killing does take place, takes place as self-defense.

Oriana Fallaci, as Dr. Habash said, "can't understand" not because she fails to understand, but because she doesn't want to understand.

DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION
POPULAR FRONT FOR THE
LIBERATION OF PALESTINE
Beirut, Lebanon

▶ *Oriana Fallaci replies: "The PFLP's so-called Department of Information (I say 'so-called' because it never showed up during my stay with the* fedayeen*) evidently ignores the existence of a machine known as a tape recorder. My interview with Dr. Habash took place with such a machine. The tape is at his disposal to refresh his memory if he has forgotten, or wants to forget. I would like to believe that Dr. Habash is not informed about this letter of his associates or he would have prevented them from writing so many useless idiocies and senseless insults. Dr. Habash knows very well that what I wrote was said by him into a microphone. The word "terrorism" might not have been used often by me. This was out of politeness which I now regret. But I did use the word, and I even commented that when we Europeans were fighting for our freedom we did not kill children or civilians. Dr. Habash did not react in anger; he explained his theory.*

"I obviously edit my interviews. But I did not need to edit much in this one because it was good as it was. It opens as it opened. It ends as it ended and it reports faithfully all that Habash said in a 90-minute interview in English. The words on the tape are clear, the sound excellent. Mistakes are impossible, except for the pronunciation of the year 1957, which I might have understood as 1967, due to his slight lisp. The only thing that the tape did not record is Dr. Habash's tears and his mouth's trembling, a human reaction that helped me to like him a lot. In this I might have been wrong.

"The PFLP's so-called Department of Information also insinuates that I am a fascist. To such vulgarity I will only answer that when Dr. Habash was doing nothing against fascism, and his people were getting along very well with the Nazis, I was a little girl with pigtails fighting fascism in the resistance in Italy. I recall that there were no Palestinian journalists to interview us or to sympathize with us at the risk of their lives."

DRUG SMUGGLERS

Sirs: We in the State Department were very pleased to see LIFE's article "Open Season on Drug Smugglers" (June 26), warning of the serious trouble in which many young Americans have recently found themselves as a result of drug-law violations abroad. It will help us a lot in our efforts to get that warning around. What will *not* help is the insidious suggestion that "the Administration in Washington might be quietly going along with the big lockup: teach the kids a lesson." This is absolutely false. We have been conducting an energetic information campaign to warn young Americans about these facts of life overseas. In this, we have been helped by U.S. newspapers, magazines, television and radio news programs, youth organizations, travel agencies and the Advertising Council, among others.

MICHAEL COLLINS
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE
Washington, D.C.

Sirs: Rudolph Chelminski almost broke my heart with his article on how foreign governments are victimizing poor innocent young Americans traveling abroad who attempt to export and import their own supply of pot. Throw them in jail? Terrible, just terrible. What's a little pot smuggling anyway?

Can our American conscience really allow them to remain locked up in some foreign jail? After all, it was for these same young people that our government felt led to pass legislation to lower the voting age to 18. So I say bring 'em all home so they can vote, for heaven's sake! This country is in dire need of all the wisdom, experience and maturity they seemingly possess—but very reluctantly want to be held responsible for.

SUE ZEVELY
Longview, Texas

Sirs: Yesterday, as a pastor and concerned member of my community, I spent a couple of hours "rapping" with a 14-year-old girl caught in the trap of narcotics. I can't help but wonder if one of Rudolph Chelminski's "naive" U.S. citizens is one of this frightened girl's suppliers.

REV. WILLIAM L. O'BYRNE JR.
East Setauket, N.Y.

Sirs: In my interview with LIFE Correspondent Jack Fincher ("Taking Drugs through Russia Meant Two Years at Hard Labor"), I unintentionally left the impression that the Canadian Embassy in Moscow was not very helpful. The Embassy staff did everything it could to help, from attending my trials to providing me with much-appreciated supplemental food and moral support.

W. E. LEITHEAD
West Vancouver, B.C.

Sirs: Since LIFE reaches so many foreign countries, I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate and thank those responsible for doing a job we in this country do not have the guts to do.

JOE PEHOVAC
Kent, Wash.

ENVIRONMENT JUNGLE

Sirs: Thanks for including Theodore H. White's thought-provoking article on the Administration's plan to save the environment ("How Do We Get from Here to There?") in the June 26 issue. Every simpleton knows we have no future unless we begin now to control pollution. Let's hope the bureaucratic entanglement can untangle itself before we choke to death on our own filth.

BARBARA WARREN
Marysville, Calif.

Sirs: Mr. White's article was unnerving because of his concept of what the environmental movement is all about. The alarm was sounded when Mr. White talked about everyman's dream: a world in which every aspect of the environment is "controlled" so that more and more people can live with more and more stuff, without smog. What we were trying to say on Earth Day was exactly the opposite. "Environmental control" is responsible for the mess we're in now. Only a careful withdrawal from overtechnologized, overmechanized, overcontrolled living will leave us with any sort of desirable future.

THOMAS TURNER
Berkeley, Calif.

JACKIE AND ARI

Sirs: Disgusting! It staggers the mind to think that you would deal with a photographer who has nothing better to do than lie in wait all day off the coast of Skorpiós hoping to take telescopic pictures of the Onassises ("In the Swim at Skorpiós," June 26).

PETER J. DALTON
Hanson, Mass.

PARTING SHOTS

Sirs: As one formerly charged with insuring the protection of the persons and property of the diplomatic corps in Washington, and who sought for two years to increase that protection, I share in your concern for diplomats in Latin American countries, and more recently in the Middle East ("Now Diplomats Serve As Targets for 'the Terror,'" June 26). This problem casts a somber shadow on the path ahead for any nation which harbors revolutionaries. We need to minimize the possibility that the device of diplomatic harassment will continue to be employed by such persons. For this reason I have submitted a resolution urging the President to seek an international compact by which signatory nations would extradite persons whose release was secured through such device, and deny recognition to any government formed by individuals who have employed it.

JAMES W. SYMINGTON
Congress of the U.S.
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

OPERA STARS

Sirs: What a fascinating dialogue between Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne ("A Tour of Two Great Throats," June 26). Reading it was almost like looking at the first moon surface pictures—being able to learn and discover an area of thought and knowledge that is completely new.

HAL MUNY
Cleveland, Ohio

1. TO WRITE ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION: Change of address, billing, adjustment, complaint, renewal—address: LIFE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE, 541 North Fairbanks Ct., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Charles A. Adams, Vice Pres. Attach present address label in space at right. (If you are receiving duplicate copies, please attach both labels.) This will help us identify you quickly and accurately. We are able to answer inquiries by telephone in many areas. Please note your number here:

area code_____phone_____

2. TO ORDER A NEW SUBSCRIPTION: Check box ☐ and use form at right for your address. Mail to LIFE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE at the address given above. Subscription rate: U.S., 1 year $10.00, in Canada, 1 year $12.00.

3. TO WRITE ABOUT EDITORIAL OR ADVERTISING CONTENTS: Address: LIFE, Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

L-3495

MOVING? *PLEASE NOTIFY US 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE*

CUT YOUR OLD ADDRESS LABEL FROM MAGAZINE COVER AND ATTACH OVER THIS AREA

Fill in your new address below and mail to:
LIFE Subscription Service
541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Name_____

New Address_____

City_____State_____Zip Code_____

VOL. 69, NO. 3
LIFE
JULY 17, 1970

Elegant, vigorous, and as busy as ever

Rose Kennedy at 80

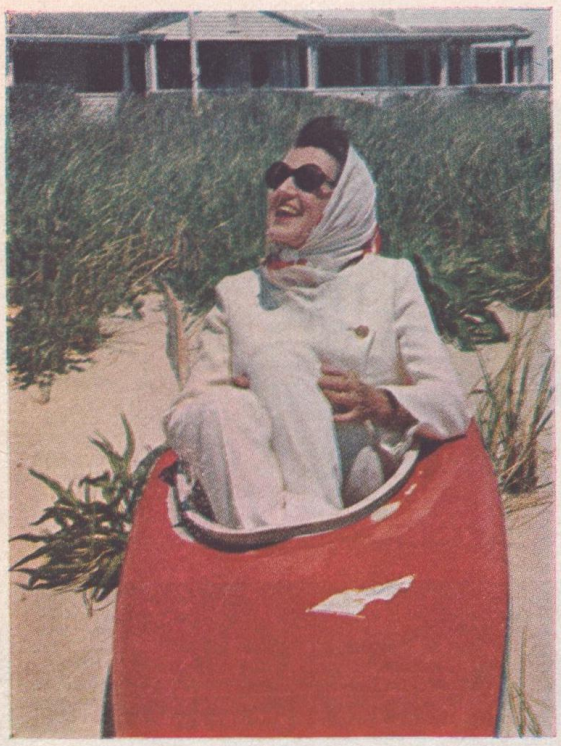
Mrs. Kennedy speaks in New York for research into mental retardation. It is her favorite charity.

She keeps about her, as she always has in the big, airy old house in Hyannis Port, her paintings, her flowers, her portraits of those giants her menfolk. All of these are touchstones to a past at once glorious and tragic—interwoven, now, with her nation's history. Many people might have tried to shut away all memory of those sad events, and they marvel that she has not. Instead, Rose Kennedy lives amid its tokens at Hyannis. Alone now, she thrives, it seems, on the bustle of a new generation of her remarkable clan. At 80, she sits pert and smiling at her polished concert grand and belts out *Sweet Adeline*, her father's campaign song, just as she did back in the 1900s when "Honey Fitz" was politicking his way into legend. By the time she was 15, she was already an accomplished christener of ships and shaker of hands, but, she decided, "Pink teas bore me." While her men—husband Joe, sons Joe Jr., John, Robert and Edward—were becoming rich and famous and powerful, and her daughters personages in their own right, Rose never allowed herself to remain a mere adornment. She was, said Jack, the very glue that held the Kennedys together. "I don't think I know anyone who has more courage than my wife," said old Joe once. "In all the years that we have been married, I have never heard her complain. Never. Not even once."

Photographed by LEONARD McCOMBE

At home in the Kennedy compound at Hyannis Port, Mass., Rose Kennedy plays an old favorite, surrounded by mementoes.

A whole new generation of Kennedys



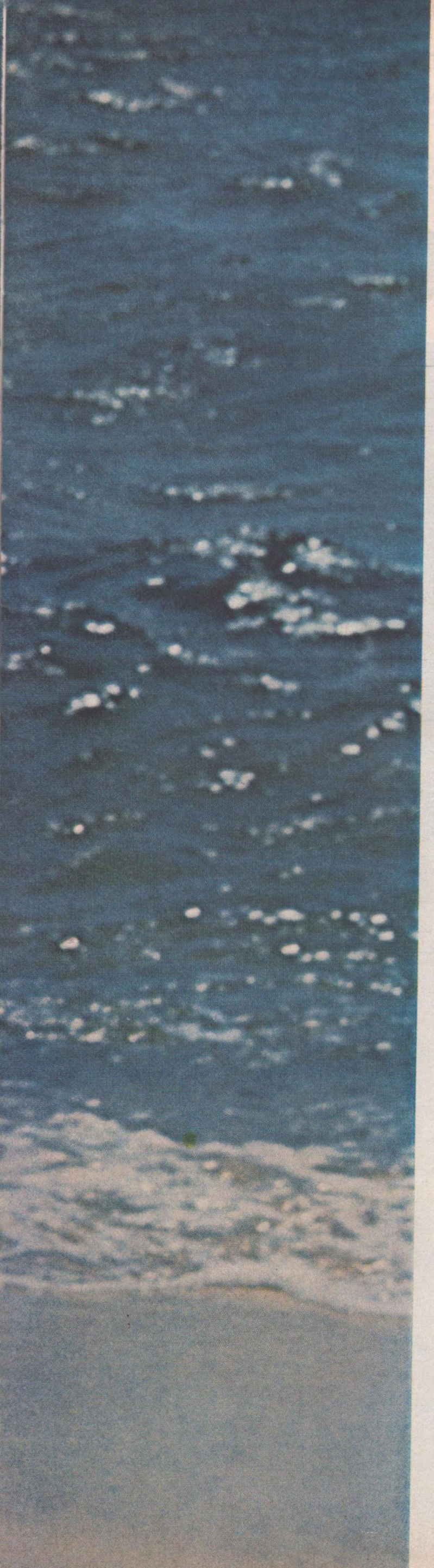
Although she lives alone now that her husband is dead, Hyannis Port still abounds with playthings—like this kayak—for her grandchildren, who come often to visit.

Still fond of traveling, Mrs. Kennedy, no matter where she finds herself, attends Mass every morning. Above, she returns home from church in Palm Beach, Fla.

now fills her life

Caroline (left), daughter of the late President, and Courtney Kennedy, daughter of the late Senator Robert Kennedy, hold a whooping Rose on their bike. At right, Courtney and John F. Kennedy Jr. walk the Hyannis beach with their grandmother.

Work on her iron shots on the Hyannis Port lawn keeps Rose Kennedy's golf scores in the 80s. "Anybody," she says, "could be good with 40 years of practice."



'I made up my mind that I wouldn't allow it to conquer me'

In the course of a long conversation with Reporter Sylvia Wright, Mrs. Kennedy spoke of her life and her family:

God will not give us a cross heavier than we can bear. Either you survive or you succumb. If you survive, you profit by the experience. You understand the tragedies of other people's lives. You're more sympathetic and a broader person.

It helps other members of the family if I am cheerful rather than if I were depressed or felt completely beaten. I made up my mind that I wouldn't allow it to conquer me. I think Jackie and Ethel were very wonderful. They have never really distressed us by an undue demonstration of grief or sorrow. They've always maintained poise and equanimity, which makes it easier for everyone.

Teddy's wife Joan is so talented in music. She used to play the piano while we sang in the evenings in Hyannis Port. Once, after we had lost Jack, we tried to sing some of the songs that he had liked. One of us got depressed and that was —well, we all collapsed, so we closed the piano quickly and everybody went home. We discontinued our singing after that.

You just keep busy. Some people get bored, and are boring. You keep interested in other people and in different activities. I've always had a mind that was probing and curious and I've had the opportunity to use it. It seems there is so much to read you can't get through it. I want to take up speed-reading.

I hope I have benefited a good many people in the fight against mental retardation. So many parents have suffered this heartache, but we had the means to do something. I had so many normal, healthy children—two of them born before my daughter Rosemary—so you know it wasn't a health deficiency in me or Mr. Kennedy. It almost seems preordained that Rosemary should have been given to us so that others might benefit.

I think to lose a husband when you're young is a very great tragedy—very hard on the girls, on the President's wife and Ethel. It is much more severe and heartbreaking, I think, than for a mother to lose a son. I had a wonderful life with my husband, a very happy and complete life on every level, from every angle.

I can have the grandchildren here more and more now. When Mr. Kennedy was ill, he had to have the house quiet. I have the young people separately, by age, so the older ones won't be there taking attention away from the younger ones.

Teddy takes his responsibilities very seriously. I worry about him only a little. . . . He is a solitary figure. There is no point denying that he is, and for the rest of his life he will be, alone—that is a truism. Once he lost Bobby, he lost a companion in strength and advice and responsibility. . . . He spends a great deal of time worrying about his weight, usually while he's eating ice cream. He doesn't exactly have the Lincolnesque look which he'd like.

People think that all I do is go to church, because that's when the photographers know where to find me, and the rest of the day they don't see any sign of me. I'm going to change my image. I'm going to Europe again and I'm going to be seen coming out of a nightclub, or I'm going to be in a bikini on the Riviera next time! So don't be surprised. I'm tired of that other image. But better not make it too rollicking. Teddy might not like that. Teddy wants me to be taken seriously.

Only the worst of weather keeps her from this place she loves best. With Courtney, she walks the windy strand in the afternoon sun.

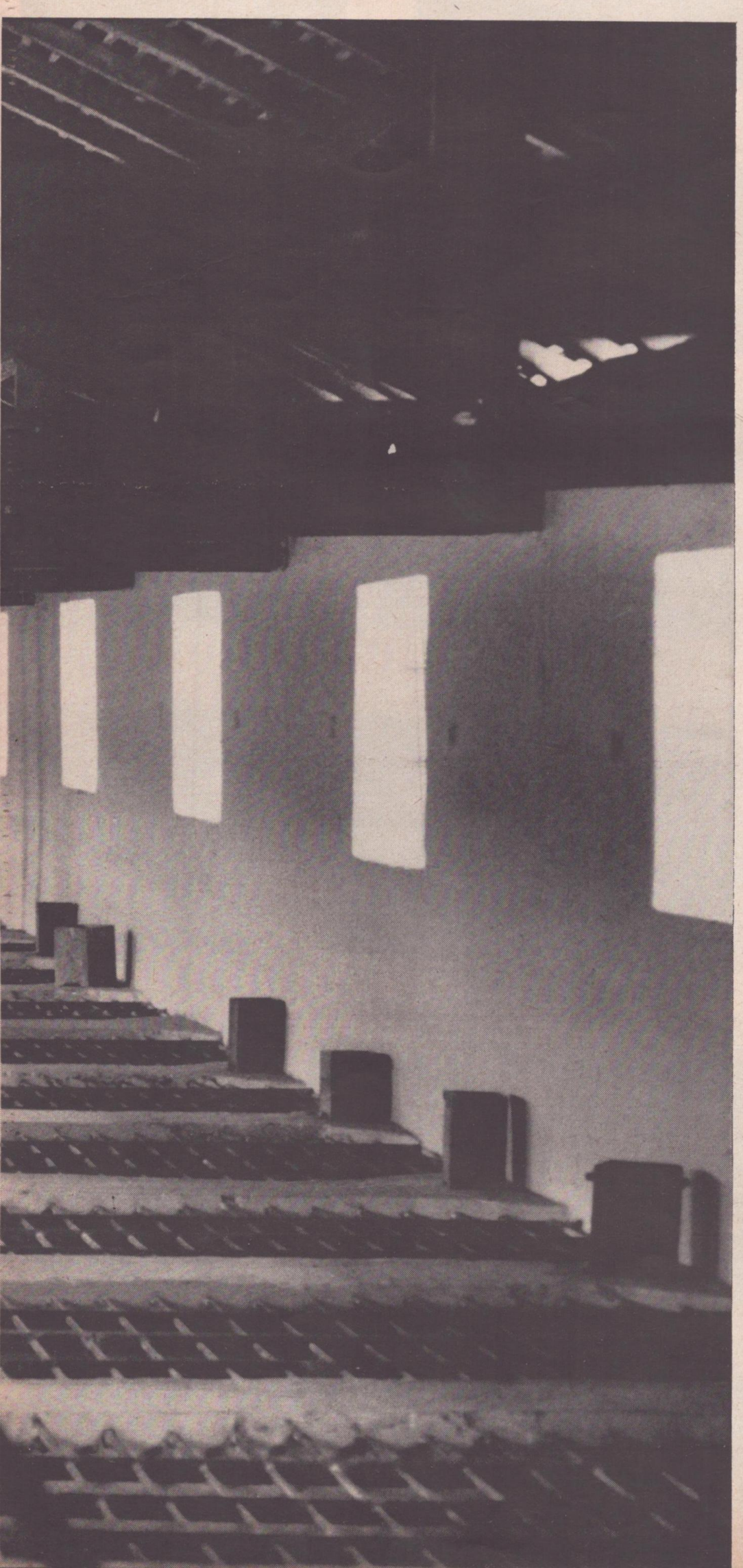
Members of a congressional committee visit a South Vietnamese island for political prisoners

The Tiger Cages

COPYRIGHT 1970 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

# of Con Son

Photographed by TOM HARKIN



In South Vietnam's cafes and temples and in the places where correspondents meet, there has long been talk about the tiger cages of Con Son. These cells, built by the French after a student uprising in 1907, were said to be hidden deep within Con Son Island's prison complex. It was rumored that they were still in use, that political prisoners still were tortured and beaten there, and lay shackled in near darkness just as they had some 60 years ago. Vietnamese officials scoffed at the talk. American advisers said the prison was "modern and enlightened." Indeed, the island was best known to Americans as a weekend beach resort, popular with bikinied secretaries.

Last week, however, two members of a 12-man congressional fact-finding committee returned from Vietnam with proof that the tiger cages do exist. Representatives Augustus Hawkins and William Anderson visited Con Son, accompanied by an aide, Tom Harkin, and Don Luce, a Vietnamese-speaking social worker. They were given a tour of model prison conditions. But unknown to prison authorities they had a map, drawn for them by a student recently released from the cages. "Look for a vegetable garden," the student had said. "A door leading from the garden is the only way to the cages." When they found the door, the camp commandant did his best to keep the secret of the cages (see Editors' Note, p. 2A), but the visitors got through and entered two barracks-like buildings—each was clean and bare and had a catwalk overlooking a double row of heavy, crosshatched bars. As Harkin took pictures, the visitors looked down into the tiger cages. Despite their findings, the official 70-page committee report had only eight lines on conditions in civilian prisons in Vietnam and made no reference to what the congressmen saw.

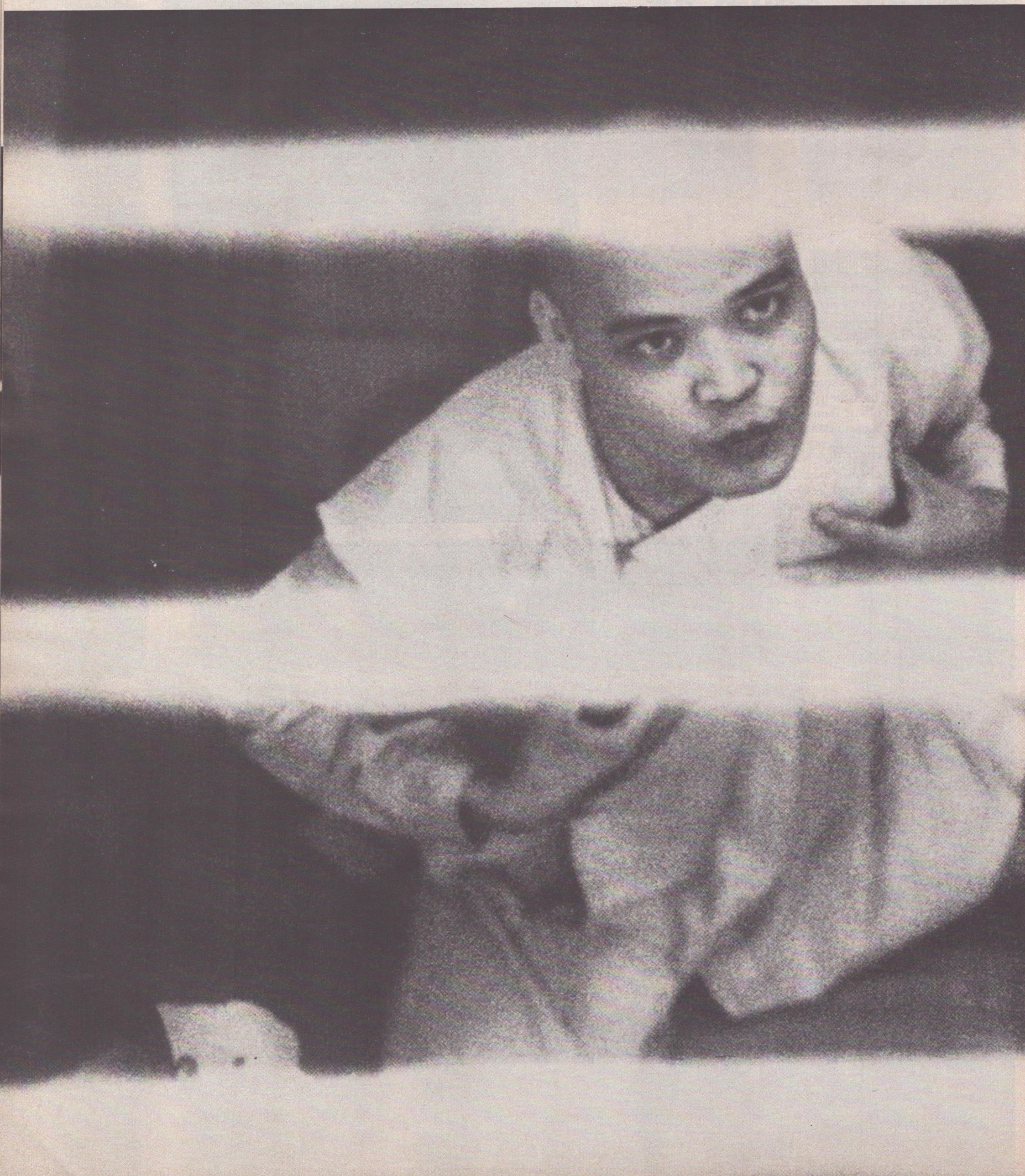
From the catwalk over the cages (left) the visitors call down their questions to the prisoners below.

Below, as their questions are translated, Congressmen Anderson and Hawkins peer through the bars.

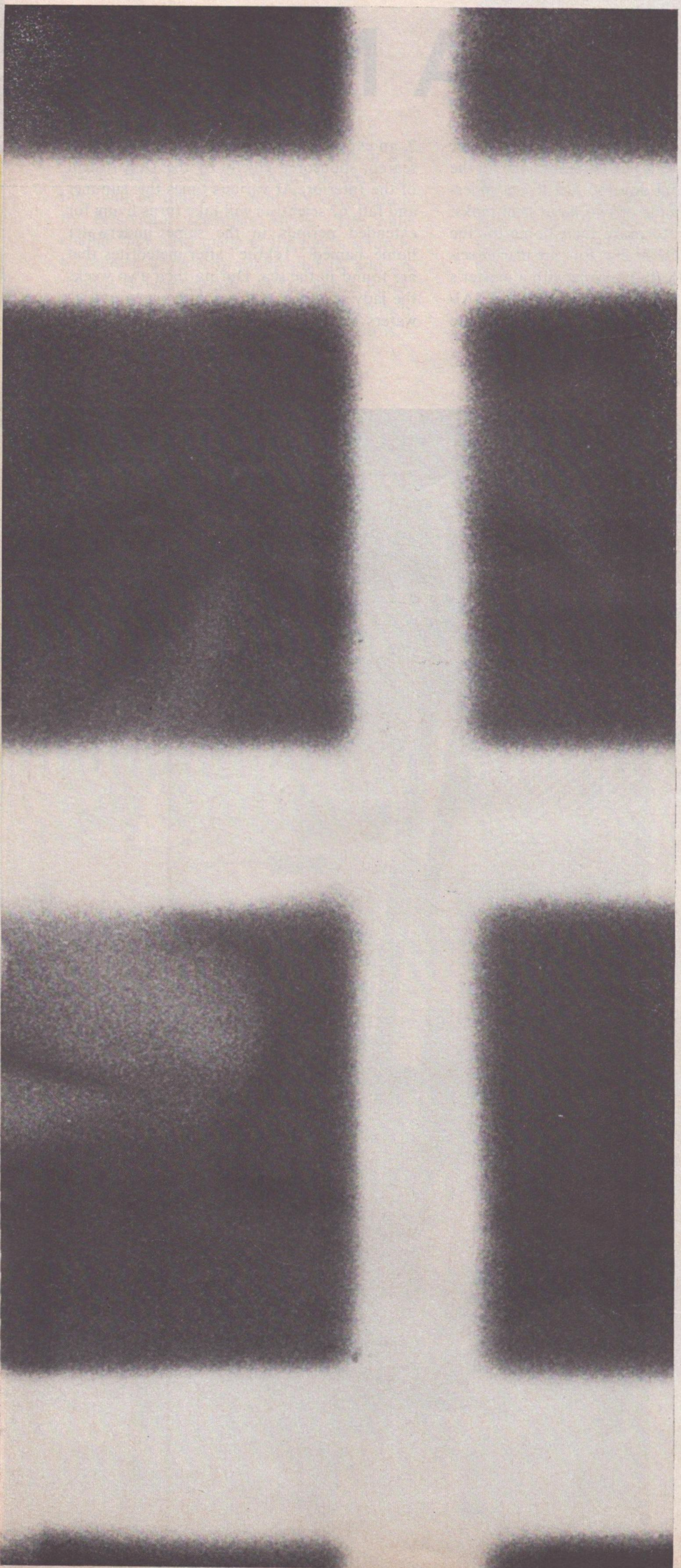
The congressmen looked down on this scene

Beneath the bars crouched the prisoners. More than half of them were women, and one girl was only 15. The air was foul, the heat stupefying. The bars were crusted with lime, which the prisoners say the guards tip down on them as punishment, burning their eyes and choking their lungs. All the prisoners were sick: with TB, open sores, eye diseases and malnutrition. The sickest, Luce says, lay on the floor while others fanned them with odd bits of cloth. Few could stand—the result, the prisoners claimed, of being constantly shackled. One prisoner said they stole handfuls of grass to eat on the way back from beatings, and "snared lizards, beetles and other insects and ate them alive, biting off and sharing pieces."

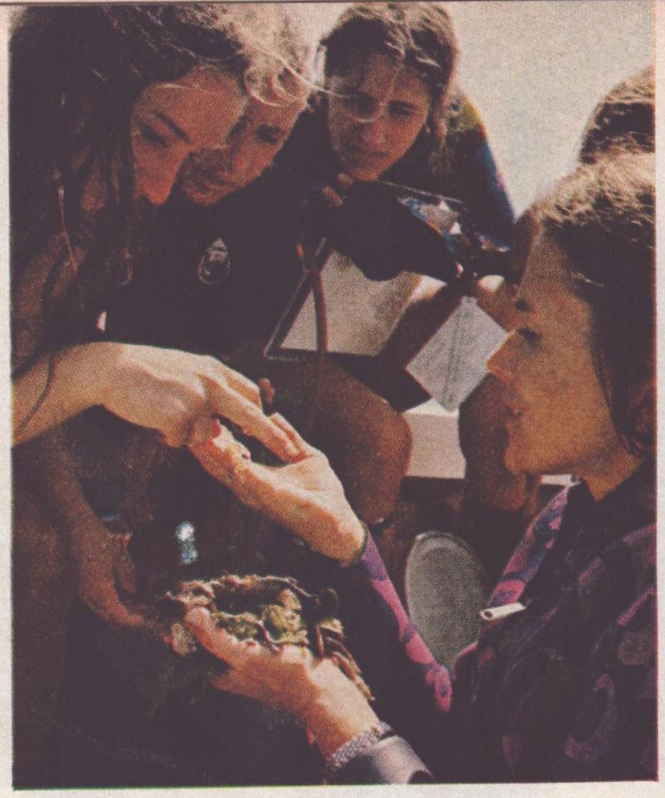
U.S. adviser: 'You have no right to interfere'



"I am a Buddhist monk and I spoke for peace in 1966," the prisoner below said. "I am here for no reason except wanting peace. I have been beaten, I have been shackled. But I still speak out for peace."



The prisoners in the cages were hardened criminals, "the stubborn ones," said Con Son Commandant Colonel Nguyen Van Ve (above). "Very bad people. They will not salute the flag. They will not even salute the American flag." Chief American adviser on Vietnamese law enforcement and prison techniques is Frank E. ("Red") Walton (below), a former Los Angeles police officer who once commanded the Watts district. He visits Con Son regularly and, in a signed statement handed to the visitors on the way there, said the prison "is a correctional institution worthy of higher ratings than some prisons in the United States." Later he told them, "This place is more like a Boy Scout recreational camp." After the cages were found, he said, "You have no right to interfere in Vietnamese affairs. You aren't supposed to go poking your nose into doors that aren't your business."



Before the mission, the women had two weeks of underwater training. Here they examine specimens of marine life recovered during a dive.

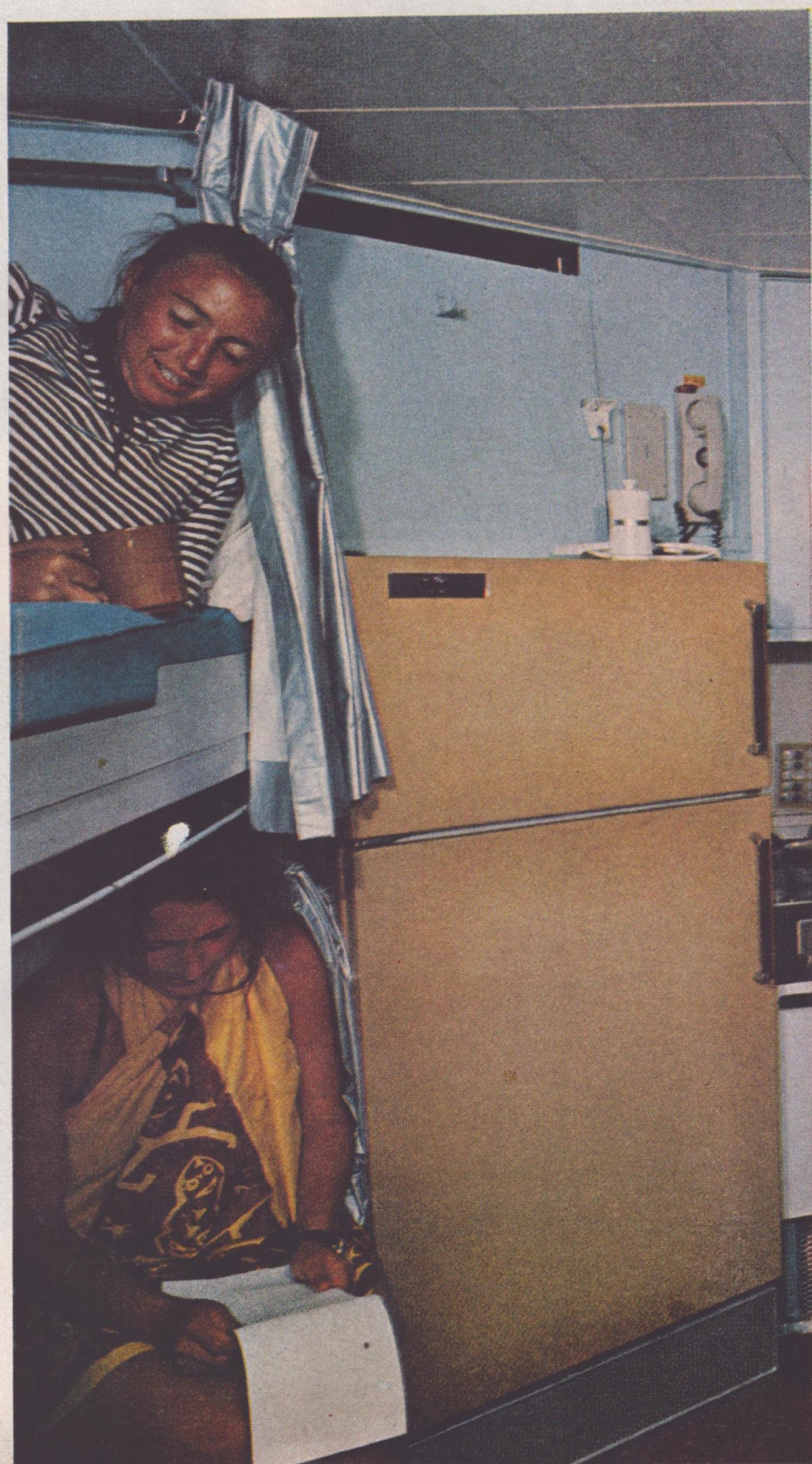
Five female scientists spend two weeks undersea

A Nest of

Last week five young women in scuba gear slipped into the water of Lameshur Bay in the Virgin Islands and dove 50 feet to an underwater dwelling made of two large steel tanks. There they plan to make their home for the next two weeks. Of the five, four are marine scientists—two with Ph.D.s, one with a master's—and the last is an electrical engineer. Altogether they are one small phase of Tektite 2, an experiment in underwater living and research, sponsored chiefly by the Department of the Interior. At various times this summer and fall, 62 scientists will take turns living for extended periods in the same underwater home, named "Tektite" after meteorites that are found in the sea. During their two weeks the lady scientists will range the surrounding waters to study such things as responses of

During training, Margaret Lucas, 23, enters the personnel transfer capsule, a pressurized container which will ferry the girls to a decompression tank on the surface at mission's end.

The only engineer of the five, Miss Lucas will serve as a spare diver. She is responsible for maintaining survival systems, such as the balance of nitrogen and oxygen, inside the Tektite.



Naiads

fish to visual dangers and the ecology of sea grasses. Back inside, like the men before them, they will be under constant TV observation by behavioral scientists above. The only change they have made in the men's setup is to remove a *Playboy* pinup and to add an opaque shower curtain. As Dr. Sylvia Earle, the team's leader, puts it, "The only thing men can do down here and we can't is grow beards."

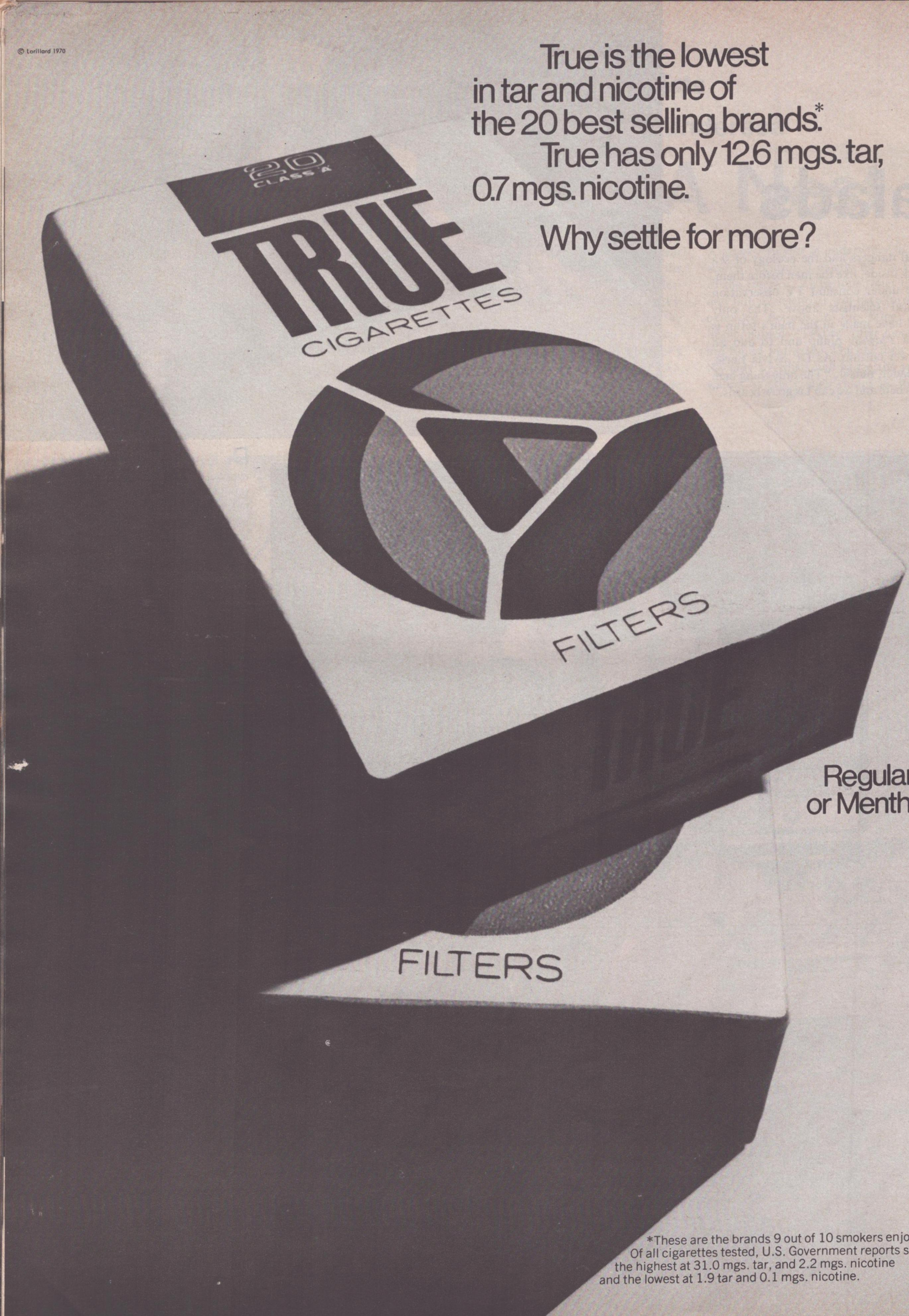
Dr. Earle, the team's leader, tries out a new rebreathing unit (above). It cleans and rejuvenates the air she breathes, then feeds it back to her. Since it makes no air bubbles, she can approach fish more closely without scaring them. The machine allows her to stay outside the habitat for six hours.

The habitat living quarters (left) has TV, AM-FM radio, tape deck with earphones, icebox for TV dinners, stove and wall-to-wall carpeting. It sits inside one of two twin steel cylinders 18 feet high and 12½ feet in diameter. The other cylinder, which is connected to this one by a short tunnel, contains laboratory and instruments.

© Lorillard 1970

True is the lowest
in tar and nicotine of
the 20 best selling brands.*
True has only 12.6 mgs. tar,
0.7 mgs. nicotine.

Why settle for more?



Regular
or Menthol.

*These are the brands 9 out of 10 smokers enjoy.
Of all cigarettes tested, U.S. Government reports show
the highest at 31.0 mgs. tar, and 2.2 mgs. nicotine
and the lowest at 1.9 tar and 0.1 mgs. nicotine.

Half of Huntley-Brinkley signs off the air

Chet Heads for the Hills

by THOMAS THOMPSON

When Chet Huntley and David Brinkley first materialized for a national audience in 1956, a fellow could swim in Lake Erie, planes landed on time in New York, the U.S. had 600 or so "advisers" in Vietnam, and in Baltimore a lawyer named Spiro Agnew had not yet even run for the presidency of his local PTA.

Now Chet Huntley is leaving, going back to Montana, taking away that sonorous voice of dignity which seemed not so much merely to deliver the news, but to drop it on us as an offending object; realizing, at 58, that it is important for the boy to come to New York, but even more vital for the man to go home. The other day he was cleaning up in his office at NBC, rummaging about his rolltop desk with an old buffalo rifle hanging precariously over it, next to the framed memo his father wrote in 1923 ordering all trains of the Northern Pacific line to pause for five minutes in memory of President Harding's passing. Huntley's office is a place where books are tumbling out of shelves, where papers are strewn about like autumn leaves, where two brass spittoons do not even look out of place beside the desk. "I wanted to get these damn deadlines off my neck," he said. "Jesus, six nights a week, night after night after night . . . the noise . . . the clamoring for attention . . . the divisions in our society. . . . When you deliver it night after night you start feeling almost *responsible* for it. . . . I'm not running away from things, I'm running away to think. Maybe where there's clarity of air, there's clarity of thought."

Earlier this midsummer week he had given up his NBC radio programs which, in truth, he relished more than his nightly television duties because the radio work was entirely his own. He wrote his thoughts, edited them, spoke them. "I came in this morning," he said, "and for the first time in 15 years didn't know what to do with myself."

At 6:10 he wound through a familiar maze of corridors, stopping in a room with a wall mirror. He found a can of face powder and flopped some on his forehead. "The guy is seldom here so I do it myself," he said. There are pouches under the eyes and a paunch growing about the middle, but he remains a strong, fine-looking man.

"Do you have to change clothes?" I asked, untactfully implying that his slightly bagging gray trousers, his blazer with the threads hanging from the back, his shirt with the fray at the collar, his inexpertly knotted tie needed repair before exposure to 20 million watchers.

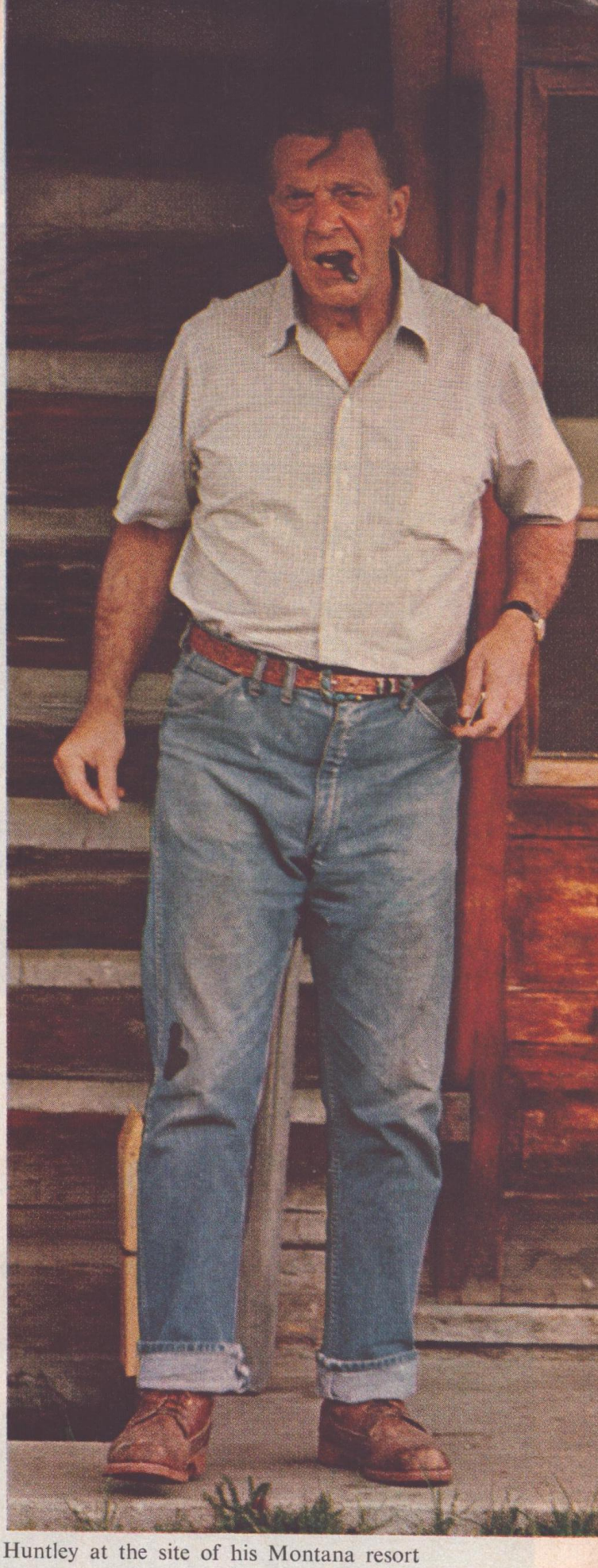
"Nah," he said.

He slipped behind a desk in the studio, technicians darted about him, maps and severed heads of famous people flashed in rehearsal on screens fore and aft, and promptly at 6:30 EST, the voice rolled out: "Chet Huntley, NBC News, New York." Everything was made right. Suddenly he seemed sartorially splendid. Suddenly all was majesty. Vocal cords, not clothes, can make the man.

Only rarely has that voice betrayed him. In the first year of the partnership, in the year when everybody at NBC agreed the idea to pair them was a disaster, when for several months in 1957 there was not a single sponsored minute, in that year Huntley sometimes had to bite his inside cheek to keep from breaking up at Brinkley. The voice trembled in 1963 as President Kennedy's coffin went to its grave, and again on the night Martin Luther King Jr. was shot, and it cracked in anger that last night in Chicago of the Democratic Convention. But in the main it has been one of the few constants left.

"I've tried to cast myself as the voice of restraint around here," he said later. "That night in Chicago I was mad, but when we had an on-camera bull session after the convention shut down, I pointed out that there was a definite brat element out there in the streets, that it was not a total slaughter of the innocents."

In the bars of Rockefeller Center where the network people drink, there is gossip that Huntley was pushed. It isn't true. He had more than two years to run on his $300,000-a-year contract, and the Huntley-Brinkley ratings, which in the past few years have occasionally been topped by competing Walter Cronkite on CBS, have about pulled back into a dead heat. NBC, which counts on its hyphenated news show to bring in almost 30 millions of revenue annually, one of its largest pots of gold, is frankly terrified. Said a network executive: "Johnny Carson we can replace someday—we replaced Jack Paar—and another *Laugh-In* will always turn up. But the chemistry with Chet and David was an accident, a freak, it won't happen again."



Huntley at the site of his Montana resort

NBC will replace Huntley with veterans Frank McGee and John Chancellor, who with Brinkley will make up a three-man team. But there will be no attempt to create a trio to rival the old duet. "We won't have a lot of people saying good night to each other, that's for sure," says NBC News head Reuven Frank.

In truth, Huntley beat Brinkley to retirement. "I'm always mumbling about leaving," said Brinkley, "because 14 years is an incredible grind for this sort of thing. I'm talking about the work, because the relationship between Chet and me has been entirely cordial. Incredible as it may seem, in 14 years we haven't had one unpleasant word together. Maybe that's because we've usually been 250 miles apart."

Huntley is so eager to go back to his own

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

The unique Sealy Posturepedic.

It's the largest selling mattress of its kind. Because it's designed in cooperation with leading orthopedic surgeons to promise you no morning backache from sleeping on a too-soft mattress.

And now Posturepedic® comes with a new firm foundation. It uses torsion bars instead of springs. So the mattress and foundation work together as a total support system.

In fact, the only thing better is a bigger Posturepedic. So try a luxurious King or our modern Queen-size and stretch out the enjoyment of a good night's sleep.

$89.95* twin or full size,
ea. pc. Queen size set $249.95.* King size set (3 piece) $359.95.*

Sealy Posturepedic

Don't wake up another firm support of a Sealy

Save $20 on the Sealy Firm Guard during our Golden Sleep Sale.

A mattress that formerly sold for $79.95, the Firm Guard is now an even bigger value. You get the same extra-firm innerspring construction. Exclusive Dura-Lux cushioning. And a luxury satin-twill surface that's quilted for comfort, and all at a $20 savings while this special sale lasts.

$59.95* twin or full size,
ea. pc. Queen size set $169.95.* King size set (3 piece) $249.95.*

Other special values:
Sealy Rest Guard $49.95* each piece, twin or full size.
Sealy Comfort Guard $69.95* each piece, twin or full size.
Sealy Golden Guard $79.95* each piece, twin or full size.

*Suggested retail price. Prices may vary in Canada.

© 1970, SEALY, INC., 666 N. LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611, T.M. REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sealy®

morning without the mattress.

'I thought I was the classic liberal'

CONTINUED

country that he plans, on the morning after the last newscast on August 1, to lock the door of his East Side town house and fly with Tippy directly to Bozeman, Montana. Tippy, who was once a weather girl for a Washington TV station, is Huntley's second wife. He and his first wife were divorced in 1959 and have two grown daughters. The house rising in Montana is the first part of Huntley's dream, begun only 18 months ago, but rapidly coming to fruition. The dream is Big Sky, a 15,000-acre resort development in the lap of 11,000-foot Lone Mountain, a $15 million complex of condominiums, hotels, restaurants, a summer village for hiking and fishing and swimming, and a winter village for skiing.

It is Huntley's passionate intent to build his complex out of native Montana wood and stone and to nestle it discreetly in the environment. But already there is sniping from people who would rather the wilderness be left alone. "There's a ringleader of the opposition who claims I'm going to bring in marijuana, heroin and naked women."

What Huntley *will* be bringing in —besides drop-around friends—is a profound concern about the currents of American life and a hope that he can sort something out in his mind. "I don't know what I believe anymore," he says. "I thought I was the classic liberal, and God knows I still am in the matter of racial equality, but I'm certainly not an economic one anymore. Back in '37 or '38, I felt the government was the answer to all our problems. But the federal government, I've concluded, is now an insufferable jungle of self-serving bureaucracies."

One of Huntley's first decisions at Big Sky must be whether to install a cable for television; there is no reception there now and he is tempted to keep it that way. When the resort is fully operative, its chairman will find time for writing. First perhaps will be a memoir of his early years in radio in the 1930s. Then may come a reflection of the television years and only then will people really know what went on behind the stoic face and delivery.

Some hints:

▸ "Covering the astronauts was an exercise in boredom. The networks all got trapped. Most astronauts are dull as hell, nice guys, mechanics. The only ones who had a mind of their own didn't last long."

▸ "It deeply concerns me that 55% of the American people are getting most of their news from TV. These are people who, for the most part, are being confronted with news for the first time. And these are the people who form the Agnew claque."

▸ "Of the Presidents I've been around, I think I liked L.B.J. best. He was kind to me. As insufferable as he could be, he was a gracious and funny man at ease. I never tried to argue with him. I just kept filling his glass with Scotch and we talked about breeding Herefords. I'm going down to his ranch someday and sell him a bull."

▸ "I've been with Nixon socially; I've traveled with him in his private plane; I've seen him under many conditions. The shallowness of the man overwhelms me; the fact that he is President frightens me."

▸ "Spiro Agnew is appealing to the most base of elements. All the networks broke their asses putting his famous Des Moines speech on television. We almost created him, for God's sake. . . . I resent being lumped in with his Eastern Establishment effete intellectuals. I've had more cow manure on my boots than he ever thought about."

But perhaps the books will have to wait a while. There are streams to fish and mountains to scale and two grandchildren to take with him, instructing them on the wonders and secrets of the still—miraculously—private American West. "It's time to resume living."

On his last night on the program, everything has been suggested from letting Chet take up the whole program with reminiscences, to playing the entire second movement of Beethoven's Ninth (the show's closing theme). But most likely there will be news as usual and the same ending which has closed some 4,500 programs; this time with but a slight variation:

"Good night, David."

"Goodby, Chet." ■

No man wants the same thing every night.
Be creative with rice.
Un-potato the man in your life. Starting tonight. Let your imagination run rice. Like rice au gratin. Scalloped rice with cheese. Parsleyed rice. Herbed rice. While you're at it, consider a few rice main dishes. Like rice picadillo. Saucy pepper steak with rice. Bouillabaisse Louisian. And that's only a hint of how creative you can be with rice. Just keep a little rice in your pantry, you'll never ever run out of man-pleasing, family-pleasing ideas.
Va-rice-ity
Write for free booklet "Rice Ideas Men Like."
Rice Council of America, Box 22802, Houston, Texas 77027.

"Hello? Mom?
Something awful happened.
I lost my purse on Fisherman's Wharf.
I have to come home.

No, I'm not crying."

NANCY KELLY saved all year for her California vacation.

Too bad she didn't think of taking her money in American Express Travelers Cheques. Because somewhere along Fisherman's Wharf, she parted company with her purse and $170 in cash. Result – one vacation botched up.

It didn't have to happen.

Suppose Nancy had lost American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash. Then she could have gone to the local American Express office or representative – we're all over the U.S. – and got her missing Cheques replaced. One vacation rescued.

Even on weekends and holidays in the U.S., American Express can arrange an emergency refund up to $100 to tide you over. (Just call Western Union Operator 25.)

Only American Express gives refunds 365 days a year.

Our Cheques are good everywhere – at restaurants, hotels, motels, gas stations, nightclubs, stores – both here and abroad.

You can get American Express Travelers Cheques where

American Express Travelers Cheques – the money you can't really lose.

you bank for just 1¢ for every dollar's worth.

Which means that for $1.70, Nancy Kelly could have saved herself a lot of grief.

American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS®

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

HAIRSTYLES BY MAURY HOPSON

Perched on a porch on Long Island, a quintet of models shows off the latest picture-book dresses, including (from left) the tale of an enchanted frog, the New York skyline (including the Empire State Building), the land of

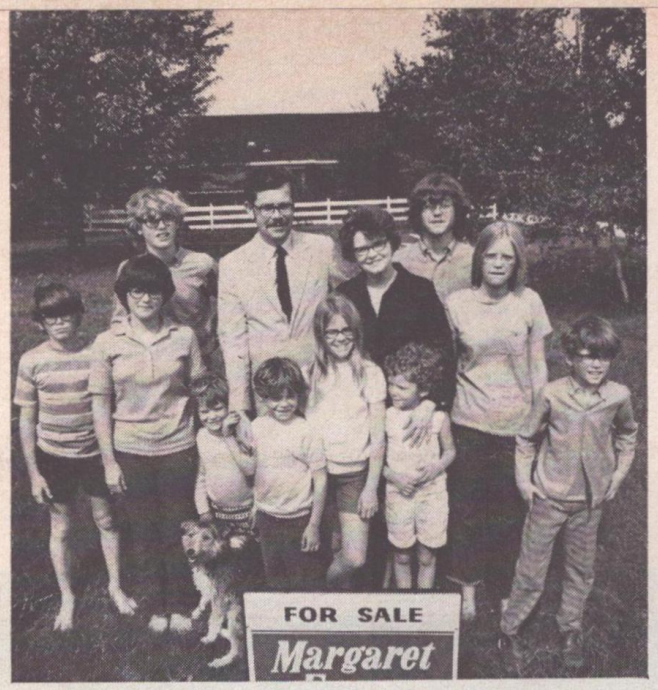
Oz, a desert scene from the film *Zabriskie Point*, and the beanstalk playground of the fabled Jack. John diMonda designed "Oz," Carol Wenz did the other four, and all are sold by Abracadabra, a New York boutique.

Clothes that tell a Story

Dresses, in addition to having waistlines and hemlines, now come equipped with story-lines. Designers have begun decorating their clothes with elements from popular novels and movies, everything from avant-garde films to fairy tales and comic book characters. The results are often amusing, and sometimes expensive. As a hard-cover book, *The Wizard of Oz* costs $4.50; if you wear it on a wool jersey, it runs $200.

Photographed by JOHN STEMBER

Sweatshirt art is becoming popular, too, and these three patterns, designed by Elaine Post, are priced at $6 for Batman and Superman and $8 for Sylvester the Cat. Turned around, the girls show off their denim shirts, also by Elaine Post, appliquéd in washable satin and depicting, from left, moon travel, a map of the United States and a bit of ecology.



Leaving home in Indianapolis

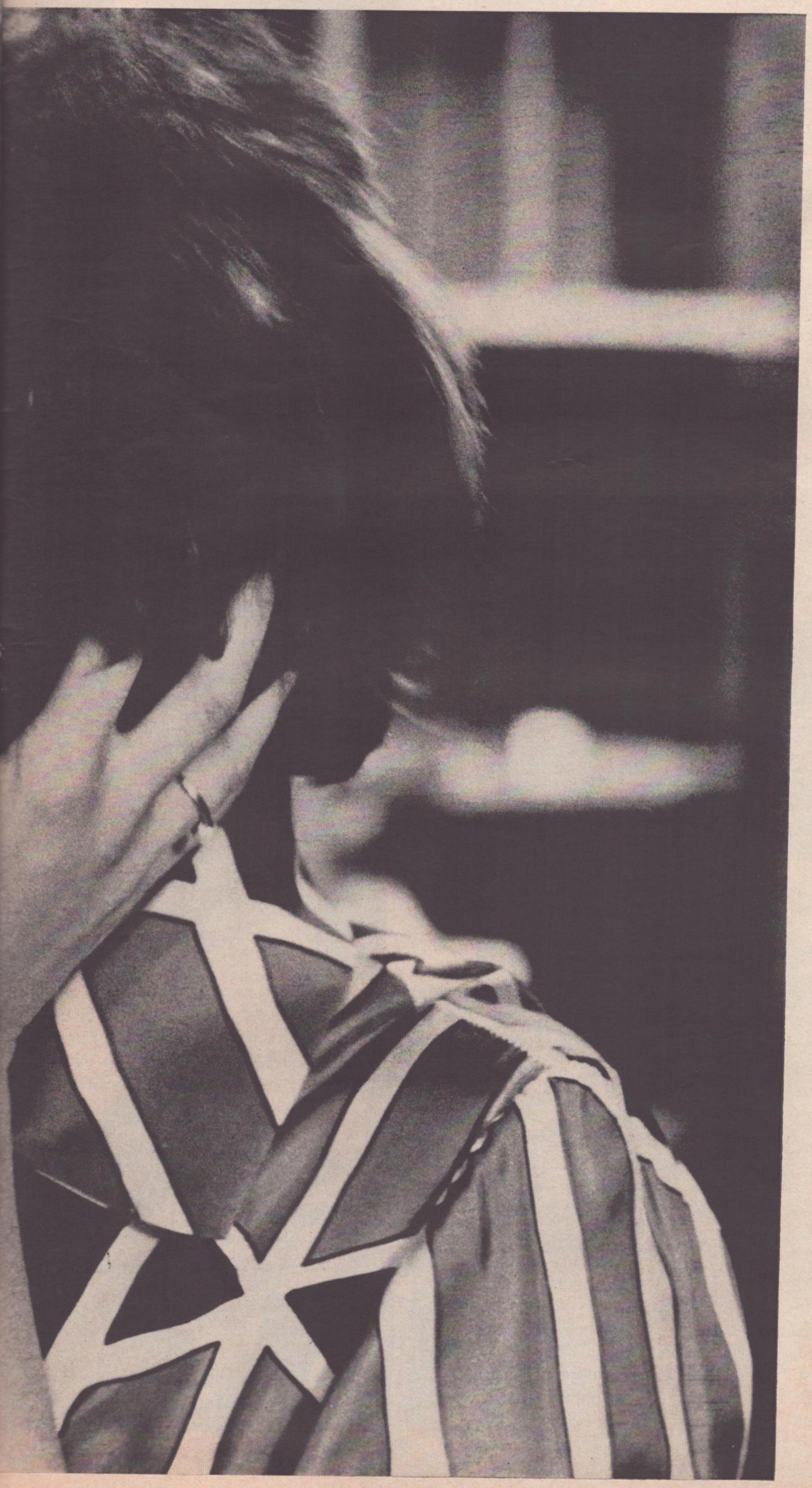
An Indiana family

More and more Americans are emigrating to Canada

The strain of leaving fell most heavily on Jean Argast. Exhausted by the physical work of moving out of the house, which she and her husband had designed and lived in for 13 years, she also had to face the wrench of emotional farewells with lifetime friends. In the last days, she was never far from tears. At right, she is comforted by a fellow member of her congregation. "This may be the most frightening week of my life," Jean said. "I didn't realize we had that many friends it would hurt so much to leave behind. We really wanted to slip quietly out of here at 6 in the morning without any limelight."

Photographed by
VERNON MERRITT III

leaves the U.S. for keeps



In mid-May of this year, Charles and Jean Argast packed up all their possessions, moved out of a comfortable house in an Indianapolis suburb and set out, with their 10 children, to start life over again in Vancouver, British Columbia. In doing so, they became part of a small but growing number of Americans who, for a variety of reasons, have been leaving the United States to take up life elsewhere. A handful of Americans have always chosen to live abroad—the expatriate is a favorite character in novels—but, historically, the United States is more used to receiving settlers than sending them to other countries. Yet last year, 22,785 Americans emigrated to Canada and 3,418 left for Australia, numbers that have doubled since 1961. Canadian figures for the first three months of 1970 indicate that emigration may well go up by another third this year.

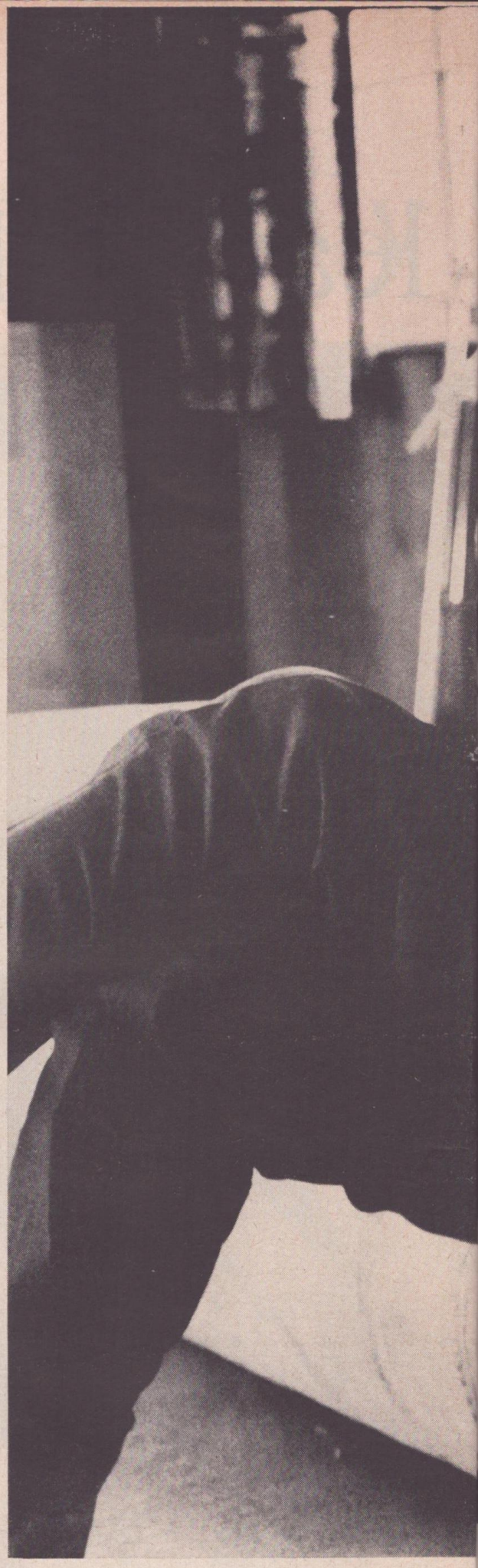
The Argasts, a prosperous, well-established family, with old roots in Indiana, don't in the least conform to the popular idea of the hungry emigrant. Charlie graduated from Marquette in 1945 and had two years of law school. Since then, as he describes it, his life has been "pretty much covered up in business." He has helped run and expand the Farrell-Argast Electric Co., which his father founded in 1933. For years, Charlie and Jean had worked actively in their local Catholic church, Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Jean played the organ at daily Mass. Charlie organized building drives and discussion groups and still found time to work for his M.A. in theology, to teach and to be active in Hoosiers for Peace. When the news spread that the Argasts were pulling up stakes and leaving the country, it startled and dismayed their friends. "Charlie and Jean," one of them pointed out, "are the kind of people who really care, and we need them here. It's a tragedy for us that they're going."

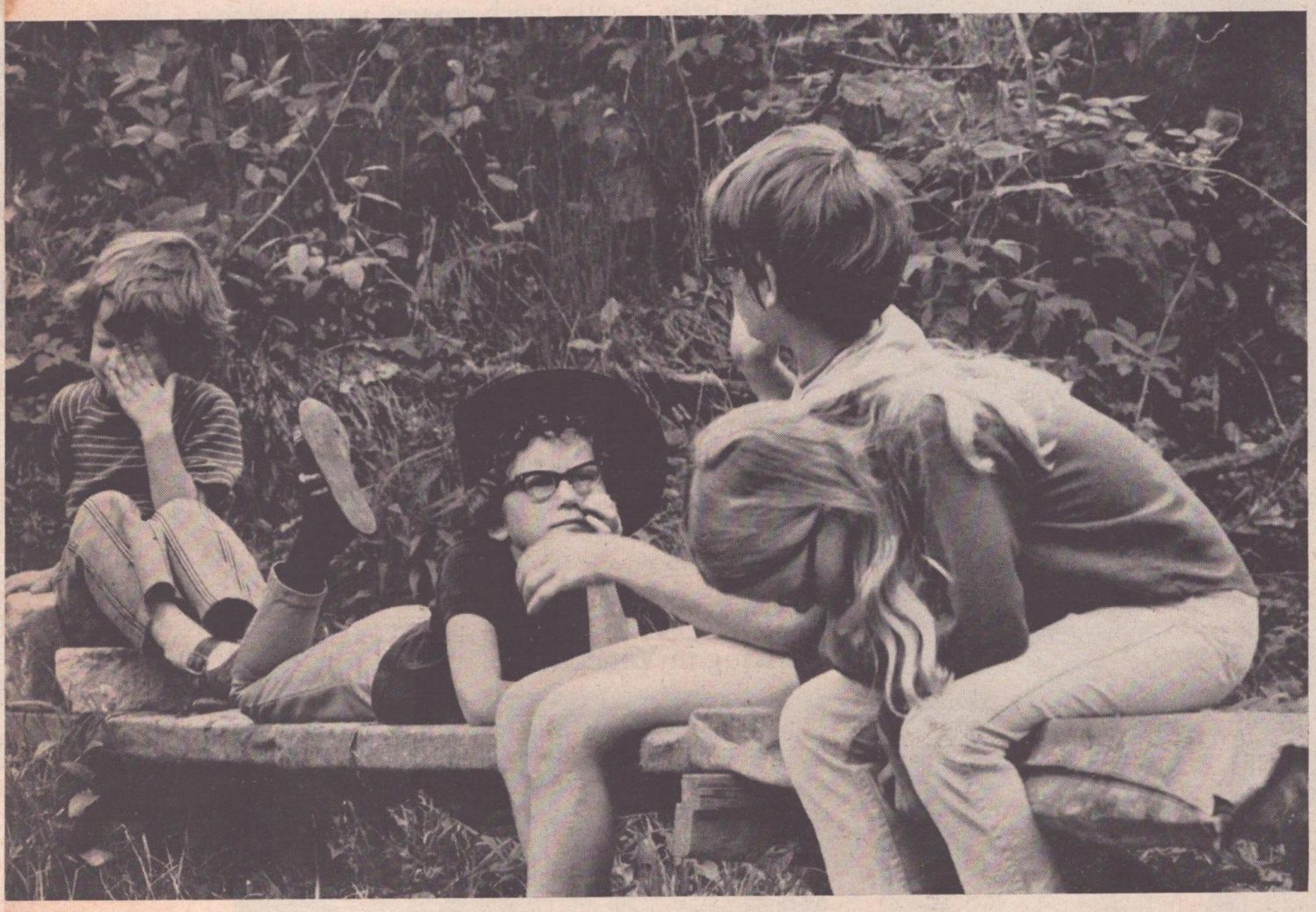
Arriving in Vancouver

Neighbors talked of buying the house —so they could burn it down

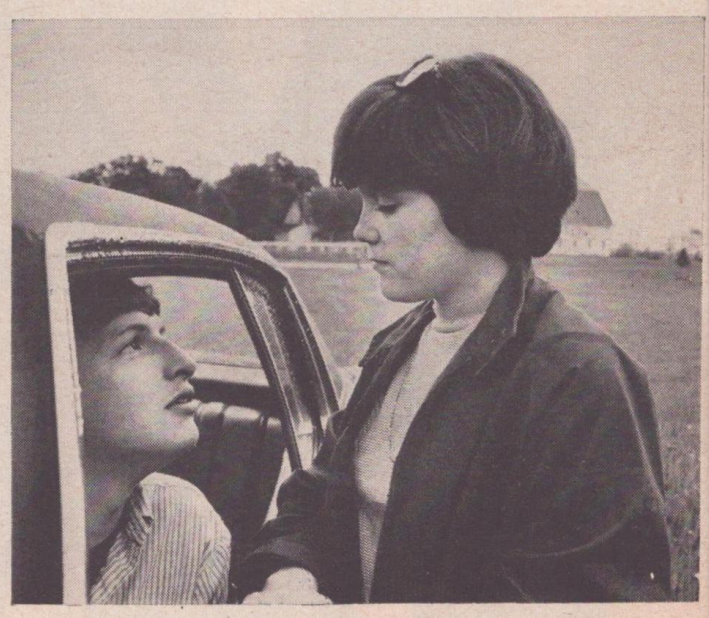
What drove the Argasts to make such a radical change in their lives? No single thing that they can point to; rather a myriad of small dissatisfactions and an uneasy sense that their country (or Indiana, at least) was not a place where they felt comfortable anymore. Charlie, a born reformer, felt rebuffed. "Our society is inflexible," he says. "It's grown old." He resented the reaction to his stand against the war: "If you're against anything that's happening, you're stereotyped as a radical and no one listens to you." He found himself in disagreement with his local church. He felt the schools were overstandardized, "another symptom of society closing in." There were disagreements with his partner about his plans for reorganizing the business. Perhaps above all he had the feeling that the old frontier spirit, the willingness to try something new, was missing in Indiana. So after years of consideration and exploratory trips to Canada, he sold out to his partner and made his move.

It was probably inevitable that the Argasts' decision to emigrate to Canada would become a community issue. Just a couple of days before their move, the *Carmel Topics*, a local paper, ran a story headlined "Love It or Leave It." "The Argasts," the story read, "are a family that gives their 'all' to anything they believe in. They no longer 'love it' so they are leaving." Neighbors talked of clubbing together to buy their house—to burn it down. The phone rang and a stranger said, "I hope you're taking all the other cowards with you." Letters came: "I say, 'good riddance,' Mr. and Mrs. Argast, I hope you never set foot on American soil again." The family took comfort in the fact that many who wrote or called respected their decision and wished them good luck. Charlie denies that his exodus is a story of anger and hatred. Although he admits to feeling frustrations as an American, he says that "we are leaving as a painful necessity and with a sense of loss in the uprooting."





Above, Christine, 5, Clare, 8, Peter, 13, and Amy, 12, pay a last lingering visit to a woodland pool they had nicknamed Fergy's Pond. Christine (far left), the youngest, was the most bewildered by the move, Clare loved the excitement.



Kate, 17, says goodby to her boyfriend, Jack Edwards. Kate graduated from high school this year, will go to Vancouver's Douglas College. The uprooting was toughest on the older children, who had to leave childhood friends behind.

Seated on a rolled-up rug in the family room of their old house, Charlie (above) takes time out from the turmoil of packing to comfort Christine. Charlie's calm and good humor kept everyone on an even keel during the upheaval.

The most poignant moments of farewell for the Argasts (near right) came during a final Mass held at home. Although still devout Catholics, they left the Church structure last year, and now celebrate Mass in private houses.

The family traveled to their new home in car, station wagon and trailer (left), sleeping in national parks along the way. At the border point in Douglas, B.C. (below), Charlie puts the final signature on his immigration papers, under the intent scrutiny of his children.

He signs up for his new status: 'landed immigrant'

While the Canadians don't actively proselytize in the United States (as they do, for instance, in Britain), by and large they welcome Americans. As new settlers, Americans brought more money into Canada last year than all other immigrants combined. Ottawa's Department of Manpower and Immigration uses a point system, introduced three years ago, to decide who will be eligible for the status of "landed immigrant," the official term for those entering Canada as permanent residents.

One quarter of all American immigrants in 1969 were professional people: doctors, engineers and especially teachers, whose numbers the Canadians are beginning to resent. Today, draft evaders and deserters are also moving north: 2,175, or about 10%, of the Americans landed last year were young men between the ages of 20 and 24. Letters from all sorts of people are flooding into the four Canadian immigration offices in the U.S. Chicago gets an average of 1,000 a month and the consulate in New York (a state second only to California in the number of immigrants it generates) has received as many as 300 letters in a day.

To become "landed," an applicant needs a minimum of 50 out of a possible 100 points based on such things as education, job training, special skills, and on motivation, initiative and other intangibles generally summed up as "character." Even though Charlie, who is 46, lost a point for every year over 35 and five more points for not knowing French, it is likely that someone with his abilities would sail through with a high (and confidential) score. In Charlie's decision there was an element of a dream mingled with the hope of a better life. But the Argasts were realistic enough to feel some trepidation and to realize, as Charlie says, that "Once you start walking across that border, you'd better keep on walking."

A 'terrible loneliness' haunts the start of a new life in a new land

From a cable car (above) high over Vancouver, the Argasts admire the view of their new city at night. At right, with a reassuring arm around her youngest son, David, 6, Jean strolls along a rocky Pacific beach.

In the backyard of the Coquitlam house (left), John, the oldest son, 18, is teased by neighborhood kids with cries of "Hippie." John may go to Simon Fraser University or set off on his own across Canada.

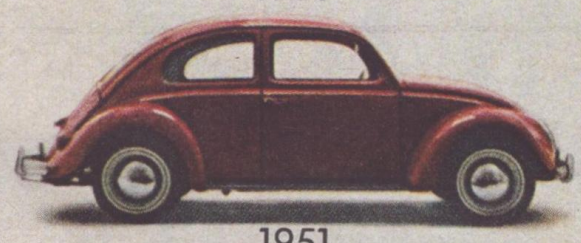
In a downtown Vancouver office, Charlie (below) faces his new boss, Harry Horsman, with Harry's son, George, beside him. Charlie will be marketing manager of the Horsmans' electrical firm doing exactly the same job he did in Indianapolis.

With only two months of Canadian living behind them, it is too early for the Argasts to draw up a sensible balance sheet. So far there are a few clear debits: Charlie is no longer his own boss, he has taken a 30% cut in income, and the whole family is still caught up in what Charlie calls "the terrible loneliness that is always at hand during a move." All the rest, they feel, is on the credit side. The family has settled down in a comfortable nine-room house in Coquitlam, a Vancouver suburb. The great Coast Mountains can be seen from the kitchen sink and Jean says, "Coming from the plains, I've got a real hang-up on that view." On weekends the whole family heads north into the wild landscape of British Columbia, "exploring all the niches and crannies and getting away from the urban octopus," as Charlie puts it. He himself is beginning to feel part of a society that is on the move. "I can be involved in a developing situation here," he says. "I've got the option of stepping back a generation or so. And there are other things here that Jean and I relate to. We find the Canadians more oriented to people and their needs and less to a system. And it's easier for me in business because I'm not carrying the weight of my past."

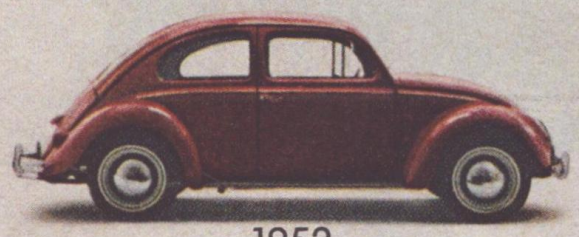
Practice makes perfect.

1949

1950

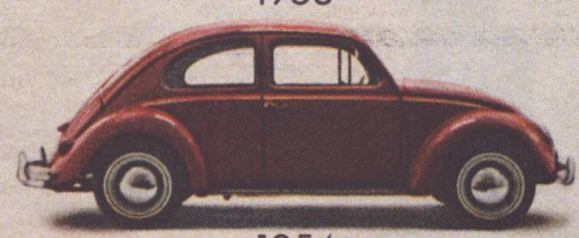


1951

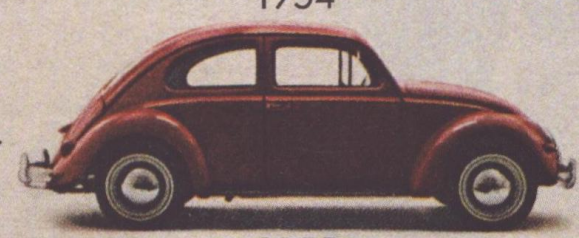


1952

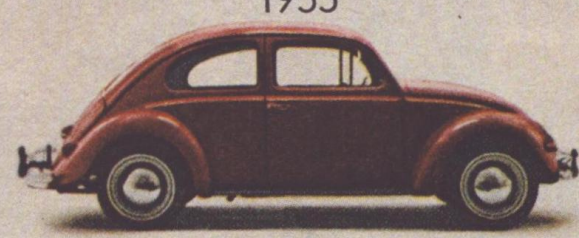
1953



1954



1955



1956

And practice we've had plenty.

Would you believe 12 million Volkswagens all over the world? Or 3½ million here in the U.S.A.?

Well, there are. And, in a way, every VW we make is a little better than the one we made before.

Because we don't wrench ourselves out of shape making fake improvements every 12 months.

Instead, we make about 5,000 changes every year, that we don't even talk about. We simply do what needs doing to make the VW work better all the time. Not to look different all the time.

We are car makers, not metal benders.

So what have we got to show for 25 years?

Only the most highly developed car on the road.

Take any old Volkswagen from any old year.

It will still be airtight.

We never knew how to make it any other way, and we still don't. It still helps to open a window to close a door, even on an old one.

Take any new Volkswagen.

If there's a nick in the paint or a scratch on the chrome, somebody else put it there. Not us.

You won't find a jumble of wires under the dashboard. Just smooth, shiny, painted steel.

Under the hood? Shiny and smooth.

The glove compartment door? Shiny and smooth.

Around the engine? Shiny and smooth.

Even if you removed the door panel, you'd find it the same. Smooth and shiny.

If you saw the way we made them, you'd know why this is true.

One in eight VW employees is an inspector. And the head inspector reports to the head of the company, not to the head salesman.

Only one other car maker in the world uses this system, and their prices start at $5,000.

Every wheel rim we turn out is inspected. 100% of them. Every brake drum. Every gas tank.

Every engine is run in before it becomes part of the car. And after.

Every single part that has to do with safety is individually inspected and then individually stamped with the inspector's individual initials.

(We also have inspectors who inspect inspectors. And until a man does it right, we don't let him put his Hans on it.)

The Volkswagen paint shops are so clean and well-ventilated, our spray men don't even wear masks. If you do come to visit us, drop into the spray shop for a breath of fresh air.

Clean as the spray shops are, though, every car is still hand-sanded and hand-washed to make sure there isn't a speck of dust in or on or under the paint.

When a VW gets to the end of the line, an inspector checks to see that the engine, the electrical system, the brakes, and everything else that makes a VW stop and go puts out what we put in.

We make 5,000 cars a day; we check 5,000.

Speaking of testing, we have 2 test tracks that are literally Hell on wheels. With hills and valleys and hairpin turns and cobblestone stretches that simply aren't found on American roads.

Every change we make (or don't make) lives or dies on one of our tracks.

We also have the world's only computerized wind tunnel, big enough to test aerodynamic forces and climatic conditions. On real cars, not models.

So. Just because you've seen one VW, don't think you've seen them all.

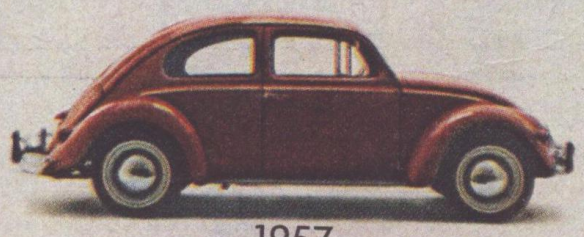
By changing the way we change and testing the way we test, the Volkswagen we sell today is a whole other machine.

Over the years, we have practically doubled the VW's horsepower, but the engine should last even longer.

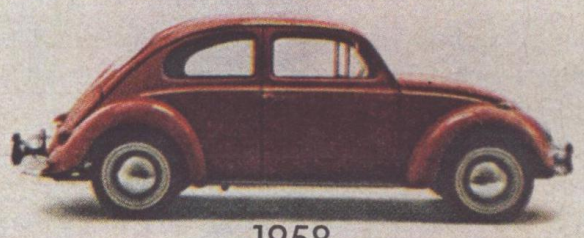
The luggage space in new VWs is far greater. The car is quieter and rides better. You can get a VW without a clutch pedal these days, and still get 25 miles to a gallon.

We've added thoughtful little things like a door

*SEDAN SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E. ($1924 WEST COAST P.O.E.), LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL. WHITEWALLS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST. ©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

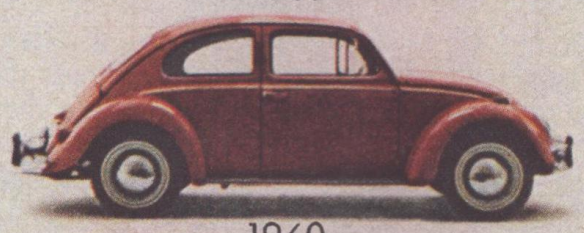


1957

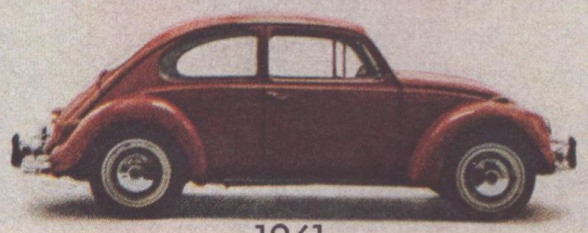


1958

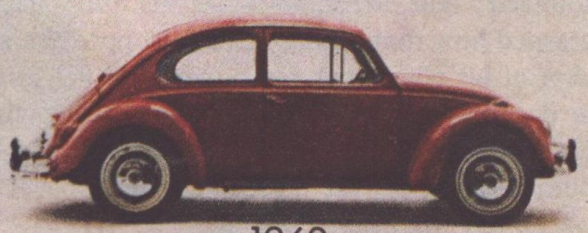
1959



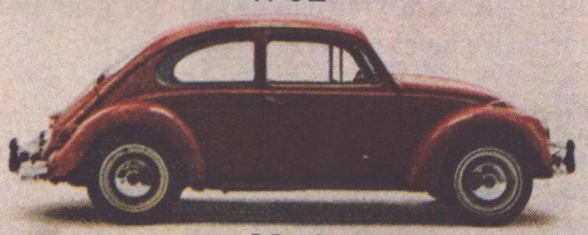
1960



1961



1962



1963

pocket for the driver. Like tiny little wires that defrost the rear window electrically. Like a little pop-up shield to protect the dashboard when you slide out the ashtray.

And happily, we still sell it for a mere $1839.*

But when we take your $1839, we give you interest on your money by not losing interest in your car.

We are the only car people in the world with Medi-car, the Volkswagen Diagnosis System.

As part of our continuing madness, we give you 4 free top-to-bottom checkups with your new VW.

You just maintain your car according to the Volkswagen maintenance schedule. If any factory part is defective in material or workmanship, any U. S. or Canadian VW dealer will repair or replace it, within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first. And he will do it free of charge.

In short, whatever Medi-car finds that's covered by our guarantee gets fixed free.

Every last VW dealer has this electronic Medi-car equipment, and if you already own a VW, you can get the checkups for just a few dollars.

On that topic, if you do own an older Volkswagen (even a '49), and need a part, don't worry. You can drive into any VW dealer's and he won't laugh or even raise an eyebrow.

He will congratulate you and fix it.

Because most VW parts, changed though they may be, still fit most VWs.

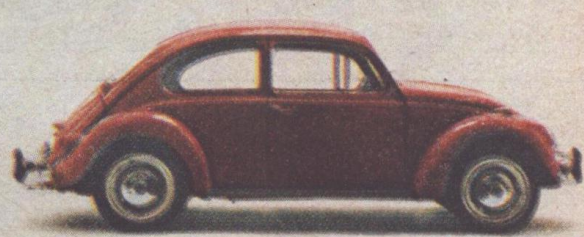
With this instinct for survival, it's no wonder that Volkswagens are sold in 140 countries throughout the world.

It's no wonder that when civilization comes to a country, it usually comes in a Volkswagen.

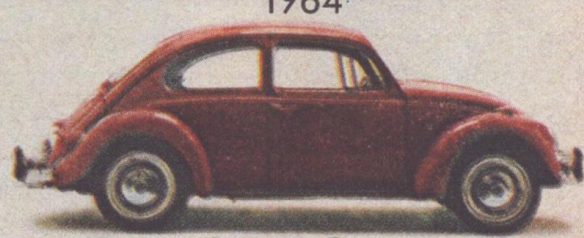
And it's no wonder that half the people who buy VWs here in the United States are coming back for their second or fifth or eighth time.

We let other people make their cars bigger and smaller and taller and shorter.

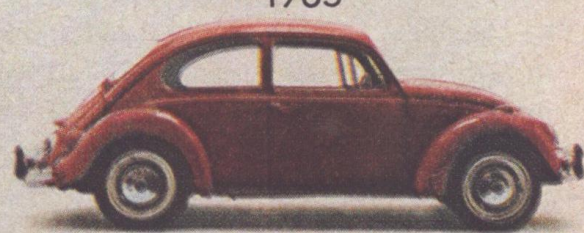
We just go on making ours longer.



1964



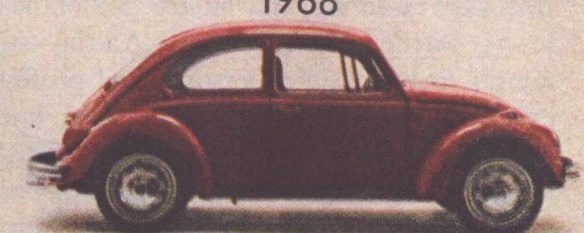
1965



1966

1967

1968



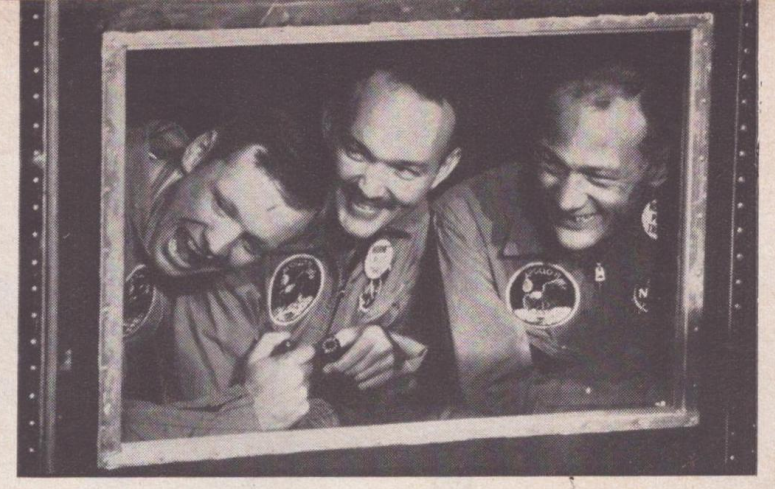
1969

1970

SEQUEL

A year after the first moon landing

How Apollo 11 Changed Three Famous Men



In quarantine aboard the carrier *Hornet* after their return: Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin.

by GENE FARMER

Just a year ago—July 20, 1969—three American astronauts named Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin landed on the moon. On that wonderful July Sunday I was standing in Buzz Aldrin's kitchen at a little past 3 p.m., Texas time, when I heard Buzz's laconic words: "Contact light. Okay, engine stop." That broke the tension. For the last 30 seconds I had been trying to control the butterflies in my stomach. Then, Neil Armstrong: "Tranquillity Base here. The Eagle has landed." And Michael Collins, alone in the command module Columbia above the moon: "Yeah, I heard the whole thing." The frail Eagle, lunar module No. 5, had put its spidery legs into the soft lunar topsoil, and the human race had bridged a gap the 16th Century Elizabethans could not even dream about.

Armstrong, Collins, Aldrin: they had become the true Elizabethans of our time. There was the quiet one, Armstrong, whose small-boy passion for building model airplanes and disciplined thriftiness came straight out of Middle America in the latter days of the Depression. There was the religious one, Aldrin, who played center on a championship high school football team in New Jersey, made difficult mathematical equations look almost too easy, stood No. 3 in his class at West Point and on the flight of Apollo 11 took with him a little chalice and a container of wine to celebrate man's first Communion on the moon. And there was the charming one, Collins, a man brought up in the military but never really committed to it, quick with wit, not destined to step on the moon but happy to be in the flight's "third seat" because "to go places and do things that have never been done before—that's what living is all about."

The Elizabethans, returning from their adventures, could collect their knighthoods and go out again to steal more gold from the Spanish. Their lives were essentially unchanged. But of the Apollo 11 astronauts, only one—Aldrin—still attempts to maintain a personal and professional existence resembling the life all of them knew before last July. Only Aldrin lives in the same house in Nassau Bay, Texas and still goes to his office at the Houston Manned Spacecraft Center whenever he can fit in a day between speaking engagements. Armstrong and Collins have both sold their houses and moved to Washington, Armstrong to take an administrative position high in the NASA hierarchy and Collins to be Nixon's Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs.

When I saw them recently, for the first time in many months, they all seemed to have changed —even Armstrong. He looked slightly heavier now, but the quick smile, flashing up the right side of his face, was still the same as he insisted that "the principal change in my life has been that people now keep asking me how my life has changed." Nor would Collins admit to change in himself as a person: "I've just got a new shopping list of things I'm interested in." Yet Mike's existence clearly had changed. As we lunched in Washington, D.C., sharing a good bottle of wine, Elliot Richardson and Robert Finch were lunching at a nearby table.

Aldrin had changed the most. The taciturn man whose whole personality in training had showed the strain of "the treadmill" could now talk until 2 a.m. about his hopes and dreams: "Yes, I would have to admit that I am not the same person. I can't say that I sensed in advance the dimension of what has happened in the past year, but I did sense that there would be an impact. Because I sensed that, there was a time, before the flight, when I found myself wishing that I were on the second lunar landing crew rather than the first, because I certainly would have a quieter time afterward. But now—well, I wouldn't have had it differently. I *am* glad to have been on the first landing."

There was nothing "quiet" about the time afterward, with more honors than had been showered on any American explorer since Lindbergh. The families of the Apollo 11 astronauts had always been friendly but never particularly close socially; but then there was a night in the White House, after their world tour, when the three wives sat alone and looked at each other, their minds full of the wonder of it all. It was then, Buzz Aldrin's wife Joan thought, that they felt closer than they had even during the Apollo 11 mission.

The decorations, the honorary doctorates, even the flight itself have, I think, changed the three astronauts in ways that not one of them yet fully recognizes even in himself, let alone in the other two. The common denominator of change seems to be *a determination to repay society*. Each knows that there was a big element of chance in his emergence as "a hero," for the first lunar landing could well have been achieved by another Apollo crew. Not one of them expects to land on the moon a second time. Yet each has a curious sense of obligation. This comes out in bits and pieces, as when Neil Armstrong, speaking of his new job, talks about forecasting disasters on earth—like the Peru earthquake in which some 50,000 people died. "Maybe," he says, "10 years from now there just won't be any more Perus. We can't prevent the earthquake from happening, but we ought to be able to see it coming and move people out. Suppose, by doing that, we could save as many lives as the Americans have lost in the Vietnam war? And the technological goals have now been replaced by the sociological. Lord knows that every day every country is faced with difficult problems. But if it *is* a difficult problem and you are challenged to get into it, you have a better chance of solving it." And Mike Collins: "Going to the moon did remove a whole lot from my shopping list. Now I'm still nibbling around the edges—what I want to do, and so on. All this doesn't tie together very well, but I've had popularity. Now I'm perfectly willing to espouse unpopular causes that I believe in."

Aldrin's theological depths are not easy to plumb—*e.g.*, that little chalice which wound up at the Webster, Texas Presbyterian Church. But there is still a touch of the camp counselor in Buzz Aldrin, and the Kent State and Jackson State shootings had a traumatic effect on him. Indeed, they seemed to bring him out of his last "down" period, challenging him to think about ways and means of communicating with young people. He would like to form an organization that would encourage them to understand their grievances, to take the action out of the streets and at least define what they want: "If anything can come out of what I am working on now—anything that will serve as an intermediate channel connecting the separate parts of our society—if we can find the means to move toward a peaceful way of modifying our establishment, then that is a far better thing that I am doing than I have done in journeying to the moon."

I doubt that Neil, for all his first-rate engineering mind, realized how little like an engineer he sounded; that Mike, with all his "nibbling," grasped how thoroughly he had dropped the anchor of his glamorous recent past; or that Buzz, in paraphrasing Dickens, ever expected to find himself with this new sort of commitment. The point is that they are all men of great character who mean what they think and say. That is why their deed of a year ago should not pass away, nor their names wither.

Senior Editor Gene Farmer came to know the Apollo 11 astronauts well while editing the book First on the Moon, *their personal account of the trip.*

Marlboro

Bacardi Cocktail

Just add a teaspoon of grenadine to your favorite Bacardi daiquiri recipe. And voilà! You've got the Bacardi Cocktail. So popular, the N.Y. Supreme Court ruled that a Bacardi Cocktail is not a Bacardi Cocktail unless it's made with Bacardi rum.

Bacardi Daiquiri

Simply squeeze half a juicy lime or lemon into a shaker. Add ½ teaspoon sugar, a generous jigger of Bacardi light, and ice. Then shake away. Serve on the rocks. Or in a cocktail glass. Or take a short cut. Use a prepared daiquiri mix and Bacardi light rum. By the way, the original daiquiri (1896) was made with Bacardi rum. And the best still are.

BACARDI® rum·the mixable one

The best part of a Bacardi party.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE BACARDI PARTY KIT. © 1970 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FLA. 33137. RUM 80 & 151 PROOF. "BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.

Willie York from Big East Fork

An unlikely hit song honors a lawless old derelict

by DAVID SNELL

In truck stops and honky-tonks and all-night eateries across America the words pound in upon you from juke boxes. You hear them from radio stations that gain and fade on the night air, wrenching you awake as you drowse along the Interstate at 70 mph . . .

*Willie's Drunk and Nellie's Dying** . . .

It is the title and refrain of a current country-western ballad, and the first thing that grabs you is the opening line. "This is a true story," sings Johnny Seay, "about a good man and his woman. He was my neighbor for two years."

The song tells how Willie York and his incurably ill wife Nellie live in squalor with a passel of dependent grandchildren on a creek called the Big East Fork, back in the hills near Franklin, Tenn. It is a powerful song, full of compassion but devoid of the sorghum sentimentality one expects from a country-western hit with such a title. Mostly it is about Willie, the true story of a kind of dead end of American individualism, of a man born to frontier ways who has no interest in adjusting to fences and strictures.

Mention the song around the courthouse square in Franklin and people look bewildered over the to-do it has stirred, and the fact that it does honor to, of all people, Willie York. Willie is a convicted murderer who served 11½ years in prison for killing a Franklin constable. He is a hard-case alcoholic, a sometime moonshiner, a habitual motor vehicle scofflaw, a welfare pensioner, an illiterate who can barely scrawl his own name. He is a 59-year-old man knotted and gimped by a lifetime of malnutrition, bad whisky and the accumulated miseries of sleeping off his drunks out in the wet and cold among snakes, mosquitos and wood ticks, a man who until recently knew at best the kind of resigned contentment that comes with acceptance of defeat.

Then one morning Willie woke up and turned on his radio to discover he was a legend. Soon, strangers from all over the U.S. were sending him letters of advice and encouragement, which neither he nor Nellie could read. Many enclosed checks and money, which Willie and Nellie raced each other to get to first whenever the RFD mail

CONTINUED

*COPYRIGHT © 1969 BY KIOWA PUBLICATIONS, INC.

On the porch of his Tennessee house, Willie plays the harmonica for his cancer-stricken wife Nellie and two of their nine grandchildren.

If you're too old to have diaper rash... It must be something else.

It's a body rash. It thrives in sweaty, chafed body areas. It is misery when complicated by fungous infection.

That's why it keeps coming back even though you've tried all sorts of remedies. Including baby powders and salves. They may be okay for diaper rash. But not groin irritation!

Now you can get relief with Cruex®. A spray-on powder specifically made to fight this body rash.

Cruex spray soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation. That's why using Cruex before and after exercise can help stop groin irritation before it starts.

Cruex absorbs sweat (one important factor in the growth of Tinea cruris fungi). Its medication directly attacks susceptible fungi.

Cruex spray cools; gets into hard-to-get-at places. (And you don't make it sting or burn by rubbing, dabbing, smearing or spreading anything on.)

Cruex spray is easy on you. It's strictly hands off.

At your pharmacy. **CRUEX®**

Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

©1970 Pharmacraft Division Pennwalt Corp.

IVY·DRY

FAST ITCH RELIEF for

POISON IVY

POISON OAK and POISON SUMAC

INSECT BITES • SUNBURN

Scientific tannic-acid treatment stops itch, dries up blisters. Gentle and safe. A family favorite for over 20 years. At leading drug counters.

IVY CORP. WEST CALDWELL, N. J.

ON-CAMPUS representatives for The Time Inc. College Bureau

(Undergraduate, graduate and part-time students eligible.) Time Inc.—publishers of TIME, LIFE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and FORTUNE—is looking for college students to join its network of over 500 representatives in a well-established sales and marketing program in operation for more than 40 years.

Increase your income and help underwrite some of your educational expenses by making subscriptions to these widely-read and respected magazines available on your campus at special student and educator rates. Earn anywhere from $100 to over $1,000 in *commissions* (depending upon the size of your campus and your own initiative!); gain practical experience running your own business; set your own working hours; earn *extra fees,* too, by participating in market research and allied projects. Time Inc. supplies all the selling materials you need—free—and also instructions on how to make your selling techniques pay off in sales.

No experience necessary. If you're interested, write immediately—enclosing this notice plus a letter stating your qualifications—to: Time Inc. College Bureau, TIME-LIFE Bldg., N.Y., N.Y. 10020.

Lock loose casters into chair legs for keeps!

When casters come loose, fill the leg hole like professional repairmen do — with GENUINE PLASTIC WOOD. Handles like putty — hardens like wood. Insert caster while PLASTIC WOOD is wet. It holds tight to both metal and wood. Get GENUINE PLASTIC WOOD Cellulose Fiber Filler in tube or can. In hardware stores or supermarkets.

GENUINE **PLASTIC WOOD®** CELLULOSE FIBER FILLER

SEND GIFT TO . . .

MS MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

% POSTMASTER!

TODAY!

$500 table saved by amazing 33¢ liquid

Mrs. Jeanne Hall thought her new dining table was ruined, until she discovered Old English SCRATCH COVER, the amazing furniture saver that covers scrapes, scratches—even gouges, in any deep-toned wood surface. At your supermarket now.

In prison, says Willie, he

CONTINUED

car pulled up. Tourists drove miles out of the way to locate the Big East Fork and shake the shaky hand of Willie York. Reporters from radio stations came to tape interviews. Disc jockeys joked about him, TV panelists discussed him, newspapers told his story, preachers railed from pulpits.

And on the day Willie and Johnny Seay strolled past the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, autograph seekers closed in. After he had laboriously scratched the hieroglyphic which passes for his signature, Willie rubbed a stubbled chin and mused, "Ain't it wonderful?"

Willie York first met the man who made him famous in 1967, when Johnny Seay, his wife and two children rented a house a quarter of a mile from the York place. A year earlier Johnny's song, *Day for Decision*, had sold a million records and he had come to Nashville to be part of the country-western music world. But Johnny is a plainsman and he couldn't adjust to living in the city. So he moved 25 miles away to the Big East Fork, onto an 1,800-acre tract that had been leased as a cattle and quarter-horse ranch by his friend, and Willie's neighbor, rodeo star Ray (Kid) Marley. Once settled there, Johnny commuted to Music City for recording sessions, worked on the sketches and paintings he regularly sells, took off with Kid Marley from time to time to compete for rodeo money and sat around a lot with Willie York.

There was something about Willie and his impulse to independence that stirred a sense of kinship in Johnny. When snows blocked the steep roads, or thaws spilled into the low places, they'd sit at the hearth in one house or the other. In the summer twilights Johnny would haul out his 12-string guitar and Willie his harmonica. Willie would teach him the tunes of the hills.

Eventually Willie got around to telling about the bad trouble he and his brother got into on a cold January day in 1944. He told of the circumstances that led up to the killing of the Franklin law officer and how he thought they were extenuating. But always, when it was time to talk of the actual deed, he'd fall silent.

Then with the total recall of a man accustomed to relying on memory instead of things written down, Willie would talk of the years in the penitentiary. The entire time, he said, he had felt like a caged hawk. And he told of the routines of horror, of prisoners cutting other prisoners down for some subtle infraction of an unwritten code. Once, in a chow line, a man reached across Willie's shoulder to the inmate just ahead, killing him on the spot with a knife. Willie stepped over the fallen man, took rations, moved on to the table and ate. Willie broke no code.

After a while, feeling smothered by Music City, even living 25 miles away, Johnny decided he would have to move along, maybe out to the Dakotas, or into the Texas Panhandle to a ranch Kid Marley told him about where he could hire on for $8 a day. Late one afternoon, just before

broke no code

he was leaving, he drove past the York house. Nellie, he had heard, was in a Nashville hospital for her fourth major cancer operation. The word was that the doctors couldn't do much. Johnny saw several of the nine grandchildren lolling on the porch. He knew they were hungry. Then he saw Willie out in the pasture. Willie was stumbling along in his dirty bib overalls with a bucket, trying to lead the cow to the barn to milk her.

The words hit Johnny:

Oh, Willie's drunk and Nellie's dying,
There ain't nobody free!

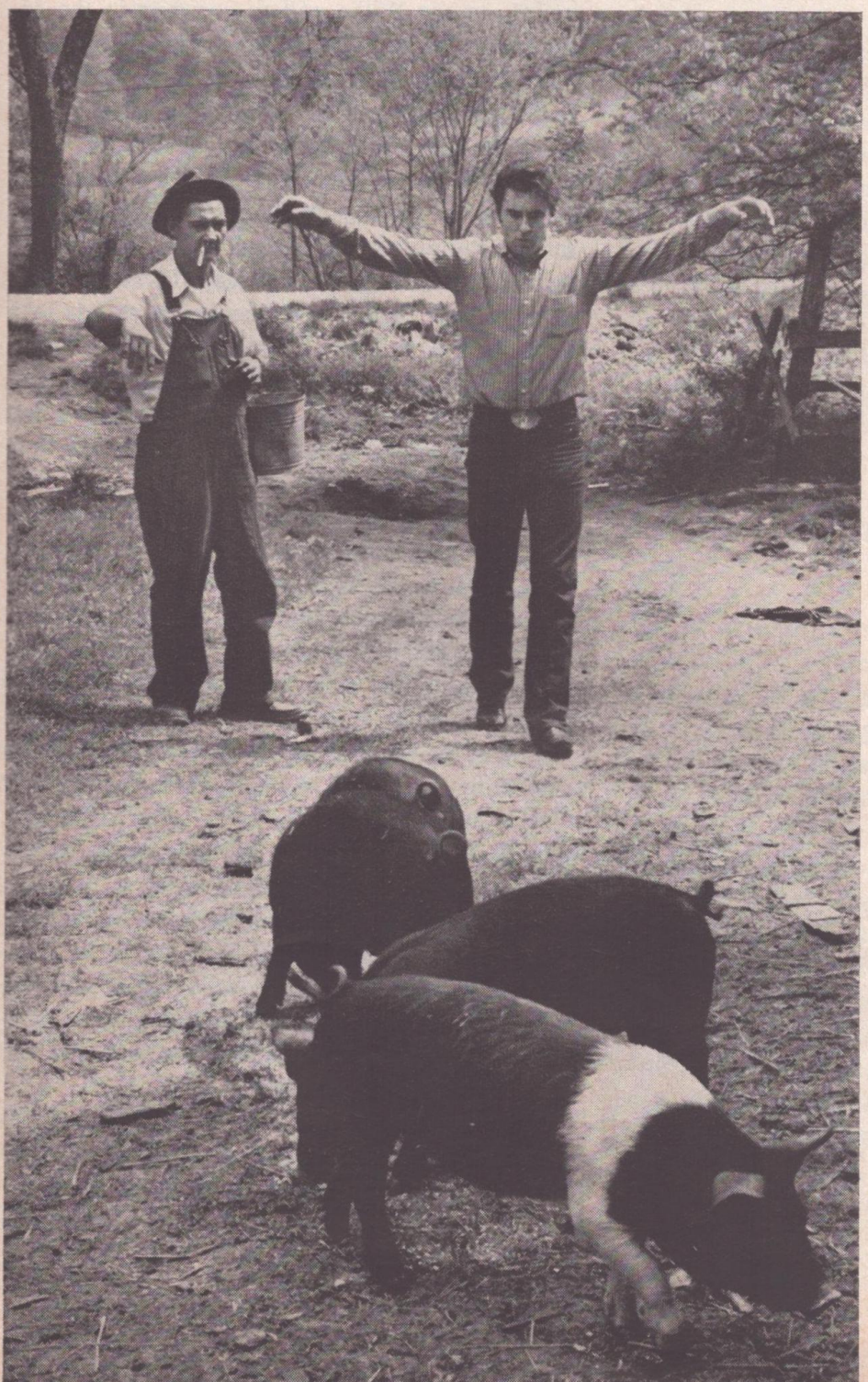
He went home to his 12-string guitar and struck a rhythm, a hammering throb that spoke of relentless, onrushing events. The melody came, a stirring, almost unsingable thing of strange intervals—a recollection, perhaps, of tunes of the hills he had heard from Willie's harmonica.

Some say men like Willie York
Are just plain no good.
But let me tell you, Mister, Willie's
Done the best he could.

The verses came easily, all but the last. Here something different was needed, something pointed enough to bring help in a time when people don't seem to concern themselves with the plight of one individual. For two days he struggled with

CONTINUED

Johnny Seay, who wrote and recorded the song on Willie, shoos York pigs



Compare Phillips and enjoy the difference!

Why not be Scotch when you buy Scotch? Or Vodka? Or Gin? Or any one of the 23 premium products in the Phillips family of good spirits?

For example, you can save as much as $3.00 per quart on Phillips Scotch. The reason: Phillips imports Scotch in barrels and bottles it in the U.S.A. The money saved on taxes and shipping is passed on to you. So buy Phillips — and pocket the difference.

Compare taste . . . compare quality . . . compare price . . . and enjoy the difference. Ask for Phillips by name.

Phillips family of good spirits

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKEY — 80 & 100 PROOF; IMPORTED LONDON DRY GIN — DISTILLED FROM GRAIN — 80 & 94 PROOF; VODKA — DISTILLED FROM GRAIN—80 & 100 PROOF; KENTUCKY BLENDED WHISKEY—72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—86 & 80 PROOF; BRANDY—80 PROOF; PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS—60 & 80 PROOF; LIME FLAVORED VODKA—70 PROOF; BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY—70 PROOF. ED PHILLIPS & SONS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA. COPYRIGHT 1970.

PALL MALL MENTHOL 100's
Longer Milder Cooler

PALL MALL Menthol tastes cooler and milder than many menthol kings.

A mild menthol is better!

A cool menthol is good!

100's
20 CIGARETTES
PALL MALL
FILTER CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
MENTHOL

56

CONTINUED

poetic words. Then he gave up and put down the verse which, in its very bluntness, would be the most potent of all:

If a buck or two you'd like to send
To a good man who's in need,
Send to Willie York, Big East Fork,
Franklin, Tennessee.

It was quite a departure from the usual country-western fare, and the tune itself was not one anybody would go around whistling. Maybe somebody in Nashville would record it, maybe not. Johnny didn't stick around to see. On his way west he detoured by Houston and called his friend Eddie Kilroy, a former disc jockey who more recently had been one of Nashville's top A & R men. Eddie listened to the song, produced a tape with string and choral backup and offered it around. After a while he leased it to Viking Records, who at first had doubts about the middle section and its implied justification of murder but finally released the record. It was sent out without a word of promotion. One day somebody called Johnny at the Miller ranch at Justiceburg, Texas, where he had hired on:

"Hey, John, they're playing your record on the radio!"

When I first heard the ballad of Willie and Nellie on Arch Yancey's program on KIKK in Houston, the simple plea moved me, the appeal of such an unlikely hero intrigued me. I learned that Johnny Seay would shortly be returning to Nashville, to make some singing appearances but mainly to see Willie and to compete in the annual Franklin rodeo. We arranged a meeting, reached Nashville at almost the same hour, and Kid Marley greeted us at the airport and drove us to the Big East Fork in his pickup.

The York place is a weathered four-room board house askew on cement blocks, with gutters and screens flapping loose and a lean-to of brick-patterned tarpaper against the rear. There is an unpainted toilet out back. The house stands in a dirt clearing strewn with pieces of cars and engines. When we arrived, a rooster and a few hens were scratching around one of the wrecks. A couple of dogs were peeping out from under the slate slabs that serve as front steps.

Nellie was outside, taking wash from the line. She had recently returned from the hospital with plastic tubes sticking from her sides and had begun doing housework almost immediately. She looked wasted and skeletal, her hands big-veined and leathery. She was wearing a gingham house dress and tennis shoes. She had a new hairdo. The children were scampering about, one or two of them running off to hide. They were in new clothes and new shoes, the boys in dungarees that had been bought too big and turned up at the cuffs to allow growing room.

Willie came forward in fresh-washed overalls, heavy-browed, squint-eyed with delight, a cigarette held between tobacco-yellowed fingers. He was a man of medium build, with powerful forearms and big hands. "Well, Johnny Seay," he said, "you made it back."

"Yes, sir, Uncle Will," Johnny said, with a deference in his slow, even baritone that never deserts him in the presence of elders.

CONTINUED

'He warn't nothing but a moccasin snake'

CONTINUED

On the trip out Johnny had remarked that Willie would sooner tell you where he gets his whisky than disclose how much money has arrived in the mails. The answer, of course, might interest the Internal Revenue Service or the people who send Willie welfare checks. "Boy, *that'll* be an accounting!" Johnny had said. So I didn't ask Willie, but I did wonder about it to Mr. Aaron, the mailman, when he stopped by the next morning.

"Oh, I 'speck Willie's doing all right," he said, stuffing a bundle of letters into the box as Nellie came rushing up.

Obviously she was enjoying all the excitement. To tidy up for visitors she had laid down bright linoleum in the front room and painted the floor around it brown. She had prevailed on Willie to haul away several of the old cars from the clearing. He had dragged them down the road and pushed them into a gully, keeping only the two or three needed as a spare-parts quarry for his one operational vehicle, a 1951 Chevvy pickup with a Ford bed and a pair of tall chrome taillights from heaven knows what.

In the spirit of rural renewal he had brush-painted his truck two-tone, turquoise and black. Besides looking pretty, this might serve the practical purpose of disguising the vehicle until the law could catch on. As a philosophical matter Willie doesn't hold with licenses and, anyway, he couldn't get one if he wanted to. The truck is registered in Nellie's name but he is the one who drives it, sticking mostly to the back-country trails to avoid the deputies who haul him in whenever they see him behind a wheel. *Somebody* has to go for vittles and to see about the welfare checks.

On these busy days there was just never any telling who might drop in. One morning it was a man from Mississippi who was a cousin of a neighbor of a fellow who works for somebody who once knew some folks named York, or some such connection. He was passing through when he heard the song on the radio, and what he really wanted to know was whether Willie is kin to the late Sergeant Alvin York, the World War I hero who came from Tennessee. Willie said he never heard of Sergeant York and doesn't know whether they are kin or not, although he supposes they must be.

While this was being settled a Cadillac pulled up bringing the owners of Viking Records, A & R man Bob Montgomery and singer Bobby Goldsboro. With them were Eddie Kilroy and a long-haired photographer who greeted the York youngsters with the peace sign. Delighted, they flashed it back.

At one point Willie announced it was time to make a surprise presentation he had been planning. As a token of thanks, he had decided to give Johnny Seay the single-barrel 16-gauge shotgun he had owned since boyhood. It was a venerable piece, with a radiator hose clamp to hold the barrel in place and a strip of rubber inner tube tied to the muzzle and stretched back to the hammer because the spring was busted. To show that the mechanism works, Willie slipped a shell into the chamber. The others quit talking as Willie's finger moved to the trigger. He took aim at a rotten old basketball backboard out on a tree and peppered it with bird shot.

One afternoon Willie and Johnny took me up into a hollow to see the remains of a moonshine still which deputies had raided and knocked apart years ago. As we sloshed along a creek bed, a cottonmouth moccasin thrashed out of some fern into a pool at Johnny's feet. He slammed it with a rock he had been toting for this eventuality. When the mud cleared, you could see the snake wriggling about, its back broken.

Willie was dismayed. "Now, how come you done that, Johnny Seay?" he said. "He warn't nothing but a little old moccasin snake. Wouldn't hurt you none less'n you stepped right on him."

As we came back out of the hollow, a hard rain began. It went on for three days, forcing a three-week postponement of the rodeo. Now the only big event on Johnny's calendar was a Saturday night appearance as guest star at the Grand Ole Opry.

Willie had never seen this most prestigious of country-western shows, so Johnny invited him to go along and watch from backstage. When the people who run the Opry heard that Willie York might be coming, there was a worried discussion. Should he be introduced to the audience after Johnny's number, and if so, how? "Jesus," somebody said, "won't it come across as 'Let's hear it for the drunk?' "

In the end the dilemma was resolved by none other than Leonard Cohen, the poet, novelist and folk singer. Cohen is the new tenant of the house on the Big East Fork where Johnny had lived. On Friday afternoon he stopped by with a bottle and he and Willie killed it, triggering a binge for the intended Opry guest. When Johnny went to fetch him on Saturday, Willie had vanished. We found him the next morning, weaving along a back road in the black-and-turquoise pickup.

"Whoa," said Kid Marley, as the truck pulled alongside. "Willie, you missed the Grand Ole Opry."

"I'm drunk as a duck," said Willie, "and I don't give a quack-quack."

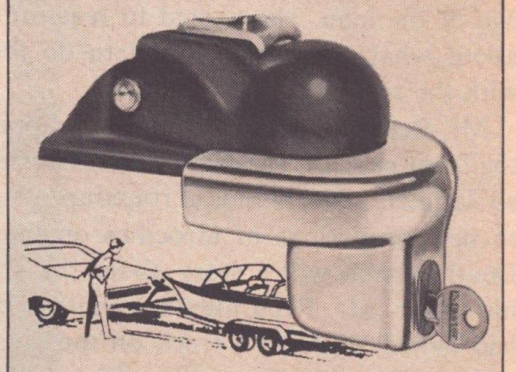
One evening Johnny, Kid Marley and I stopped in at a cafe in Franklin for some beer. Pretty soon a tall, graying man with smile crinkles came in looking for us. He was introduced to Johnny as Charles Reed, the son of Clarence Reed, the constable murdered by Willie York and his brother.

A cloud settled over Johnny's face as this fact sank in. It was obvious that the slain lawman had existed in his mind only as an offstage entity, on which the life of an actual person, Willie York, had turned. Suddenly the dead man was an actual person too, with a family who had loved him and a legacy of sorrow and anger. All this was churning inside Johnny and with it the realization that his song must have opened old wounds.

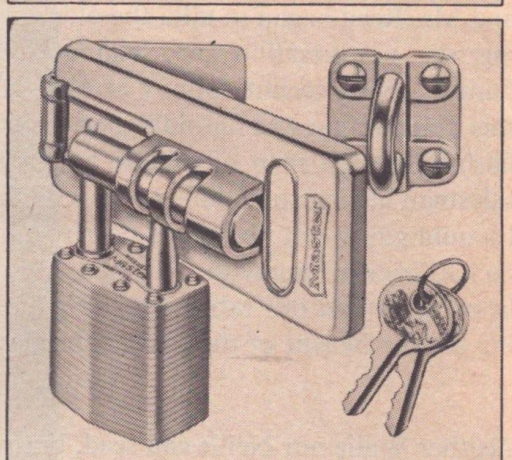
But I had met Mr. Reed earlier in the day

CONTINUED

New security ideas from Master



No-Tow Trailer Lock stops towaway theft. Locks trailer coupler with famous MASTER pin tumbler protection. Rustproofed. No. 33 for 1⅞" coupler. No. 34 for 2" coupler . . . $12.95



Handy Hasplock combines pin tumbler padlock, bolt, and wrought steel hasp — all in one! Ideal for garages, boat houses, sheds, cabins, trucks, cabanas, warehouses. No. 475 hasplock...$4.50

Giant-Sized New Padlock offers powerful protection wherever super security is needed. Designed to resist all known methods used by burglars in application of external forces. No.15...$7.50

Master Lock Company
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53245
World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

The son of the deputy Willie killed likes the song

CONTINUED

and had sensed his compassion and thought I understood why he had come to see Johnny Seay. Mr. Reed had never met Willie to recognize him and probably had never wanted to, but better than most he understood the wreckage of the man. He wanted to reassure Johnny about what Johnny had tried to do for Willie with the song.

Mr. Reed produced a crumbling clipping from the front page of The Nashville *Tennessean*, dated Jan. 29, 1944. Beside a roundup of reactions to new revelations of atrocities on the Bataan Death March was a story about the slaying of his father. Mr. Reed filled in details. His father had halted Willie in a truck on the outskirts of town to arrest him for reckless driving. Willie and his brother piled out and a scuffle started. They beat the officer with a tire iron, took his revolver and shot him three times in the back.

There was silence at the table. Then Johnny and Mr. Reed began to talk, the older man steering the conversation into channels of good humor, trying to put Johnny at ease. But while this quiet drama was unfolding, an expensively if flashily dressed man of middle age, a traveling salesman having something to do with the rodeo, I would guess, got up from a nearby table where he had been sitting with a woman. He soon was in orbit around our table, flouncing and posturing for the benefit of the two celebrities, Johnny and Kid Marley, and injecting irrelevancies into the conversation.

Kid Marley was the first to sense the sour note. He is technically Willie York's landlord, although he charges no rent for occupancy of the house on the Big East Fork, and he takes a kind of paternal interest in the family. He had introduced Johnny to Willie and from the way things were going tonight he surmised that Mr. Reed might someday want to look in on the Yorks. But the intruder was pulling the conversation off the track.

Several times Kid Marley tried to turn him off. Finally, leaning over the table between Johnny and Mr. Reed, the man pulled out his yellow-and-green mod necktie and fluttered it at the Kid.

"Oh-oh," said Johnny.

A split second later Kid Marley had an open pocketknife at the man's chest. For a frozen moment the blade hung there. Then the Kid reached out with his other hand and pulled the necktie taut. The blade flashed, slicing off both strands of the tie three inches below the knot.

In the moment the Kid had paused, the man's hand had come up in a defensive reflex. As the severed tie fell we saw a spurt of red. The fleshy part of the salesman's right thumb was all but amputated. Peeled from the bone, it hung to the thumbnail by little more than a sliver.

For some seconds nobody spoke. The wounding had been an accident. But there is a script for such accidents and it has been played out in 10,000 taverns: the victim himself or a girl friend or a buddy or some self-appointed ally sitting across the room will rise with gun or knife or broken bottle to even the score.

Finally it was the victim who spoke: "Look, I'm sorry. I know you didn't mean to do this. But I'd better get to a hospital fast."

Somebody led him out as a waitress hurried over with a mop. He was clutching a napkin to hold his thumb together. His woman companion was grasping his wrist at the pressure point and saying, "Try not to get it on your suit."

In a period of minutes we had seen two acts of forgiveness, a gentle one for a dreadful deed of long ago and an instant one, for the blood that glistened on our table.

Mr. Reed rose to go. "Son," he said to Johnny, "I want you to come by the house sometime and let me introduce you to my boy. He's got your Willie York record and he'd get a kick out of meeting you."

The two men looked at each other evenly. Mr. Reed winked. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I like your song. I hope it sells a million."

When we told the Yorks about this a day or so later, Nellie sat with her hands crossed on her lap, her thoughts far away. Willie groped for something to say and then clamped his mouth shut for a very long time. ■

Neither Willie nor Nellie can read, but when the postman arrives these days it's an event anyway—most of their letters contain money

An oil for the car that has everything.

Big, powerful engine. Air conditioning. Power brakes. Power everything. They demand a lot from your motor oil.

But you can drive with peace of mind if your motor oil is Quaker State. It's refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the world's choicest, and then it's specially fortified to protect the hard-working engine of a car that has everything.

Buy yourself some peace of mind. Ask for Quaker State wherever they care about cars.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.

Three young artists have painted a total of 13 outdoor murals in New York City. Robert Wiegand, who used 60 gallons of paint on his Astor Place abstract (above), has completed four murals. Jason Crum's seventh wall painting brightens a corner of West Broadway (right). Allan d'Arcangelo's latest work is a fluid diptych on a West Side tenement building (far right).

PAINTING THE TOWN

Imagination and a lot of color enliven city walls

Until recently, the most that the blank brick walls of factories and tenements in our major cities could offer by way of stimulation was crude advertisements or even cruder graffiti. But lately a number of imaginative young artists with a yen to paint big have been transforming these surfaces into gigantic canvases. Helped out at times by professional sign painters, they have gone aloft on shaky scaffolds from New York to Los Angeles to create vast expanses of dazzling color in some of the dreariest sections of town. Bemused but generally delighted local residents can now take their choice of abstract-art parking lots, signed original tenement facades, or back-alley Black Power murals.

The view from this apartment took on a whole new feeling after New York artist Tania had painted the playground outside. "It's nobody's property and it's everybody's property," she says, "the way art should be."

No one knows who transformed these Los Angeles storm drains into cats, but the drains supervisor wishes he hadn't. "It's a nice idea, I suppose," he says, "but actually government property should not be painted on."

Beneath a hanged man, menacing faces brood over a Chicago sidewalk in Don McIlvaine's *Into the Mainstream*. Such murals, he says, are "black artistic expression falling right out into the street where the people are."

It's become the center of the community," says a member of the Los Angeles Fine Arts Squad of the group's ingenious *trompe l'oeil* street scene in the city's Venice section (below). "People really freak out when they see it."

For your brand-new, stone and shake-shingle house, for all the old furniture you've moved into it, for Tommy's college education, for the carpeting you're going to buy next paycheck, for your well-worn Chevy Bel Air, for your wife Beth's future in case something should happen to you, for your collection of owl statues, for the extra household bills while you're hospitalized with the sprained back you got moving the piano, for your retirement plans, for your mortgage, for the washer and dryer you couldn't afford but bought anyway and for your wonderful budget that won't be the least bit upset by it . . .

State Farm is all you need to know about insurance.

STATE FARM
Auto
Life
Fire
INSURANCE

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company • State Farm Fire and Casualty Company • State Farm Life Insurance Company (In New York and Wisconsin, non-participating life insurance is available from State Farm Life and Accident Assurance Company) • Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois

PARTING SHOTS

A commoner's guide to conversation with Charles and Anne

Many nontitled, protocol-conscious—but slightly uncertain—Americans will get a chance this week to meet Prince Charles and Princess Anne while they are guests at the White House. Here, together with some album pictures, are some reassuring tips that should make it easier to communicate with royal visitors in receiving lines, at tea breaks, buffets or during their "walkabouts" of D.C. sights and monuments.

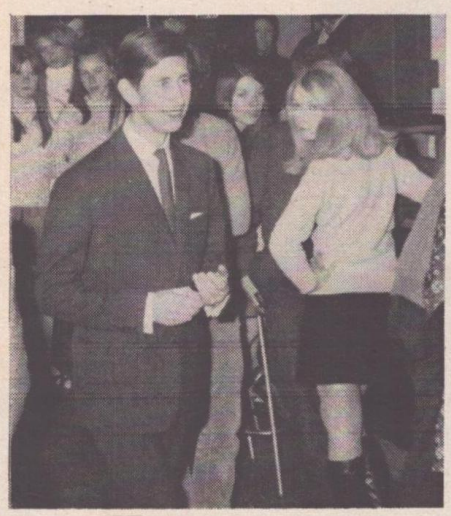
DON'T bother to address Prince Charles by his real title: H.R.H. Prince Charles Philip Arthur George, K.G., Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall in the peerage of England, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick and Lord of Renfrew in the peerage of Scotland, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland. You can get by with "Your Royal Highness"—or even "Sir"—whether he's decked out in House of Lords robe (above) or is sashed and gartered in court evening dress. Don't greet Princess Anne with a sweeping genuflection unless you are in farthingale or doublet and hose. A mini bow is sufficient. It's "Your Royal Highness," never "Love" or "Dearie."

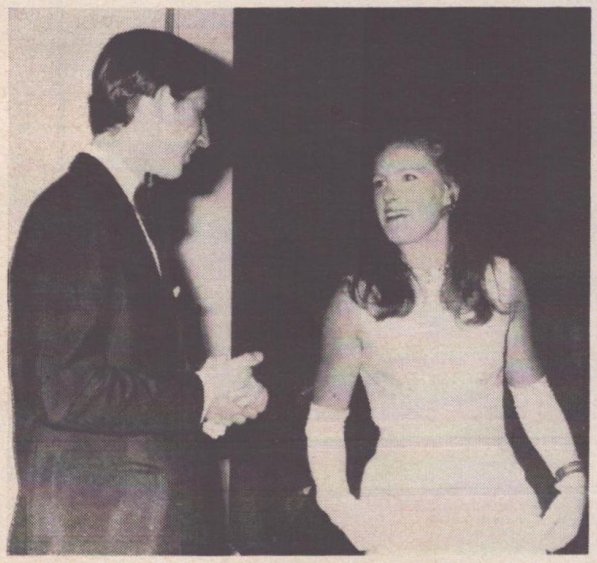
LISTEN attentively and let Prince Charles set the conversation guidelines. The Prince and the Cardiganshire farmer (left) discussed various pros and cons of artificial insemination. (Prince Charles thought it "a bit unfair on rams and bulls.") If you sense a language barrier, smile like the Empress Nagako (right) and let the Prince take the first leap.

CONTINUED 64A

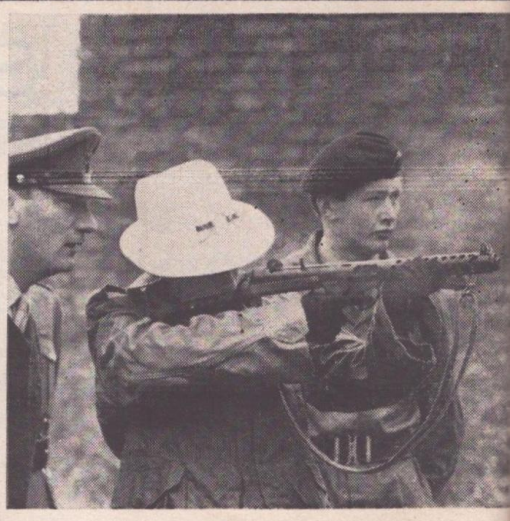
PARTING SHOTS

AVOID the questions "Can a prince marry a commoner?" or "What does the Royal Marriages Act really say?" Remember Prince Charles' comment on the advantages of marrying a princess: "They do know what happens."



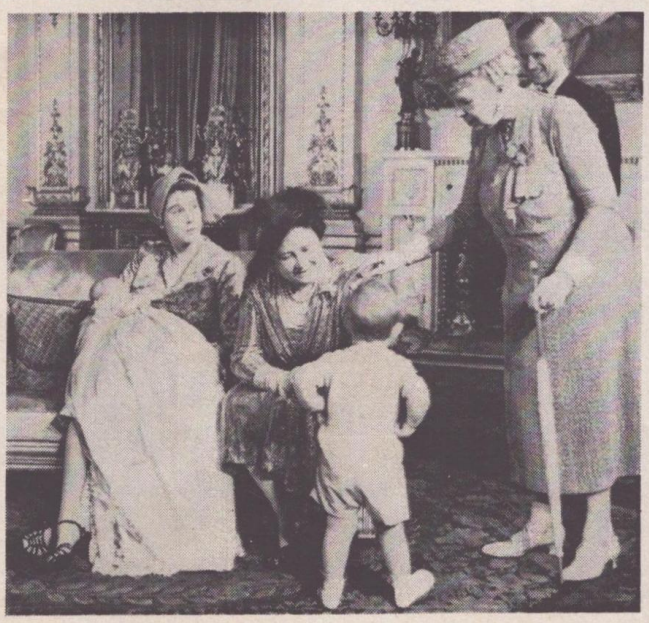


TALK tanks or submachine guns or buses or six-wheeled amphibious vehicles with Princess Anne. She admits to a weakness for "things that go *chug*." With Prince Charles you had best stick to single-engine airplanes—which he is officially licensed to fly—or go-carts, which are usually available in the palace motor pool.

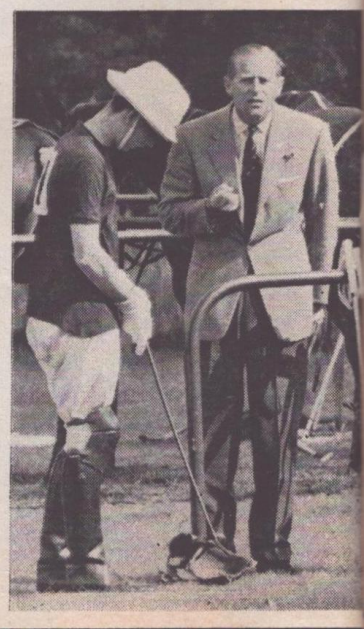


DISCUSS drama with Prince Charles. He has met many stage demands, from Hamlet to Sir Cummerbund Overspill to several parts, including those at right, in a Trinity College revue. You might ask why he says, "I always think of myself as a comic character."

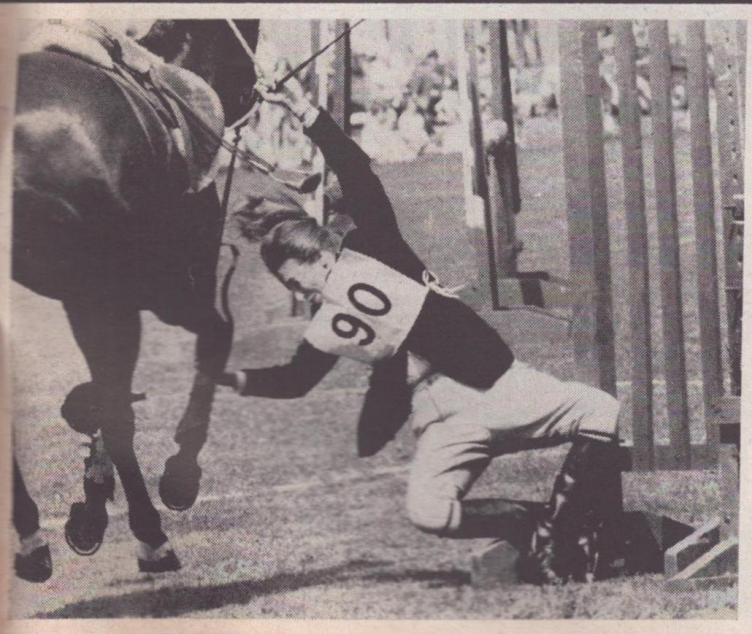
KNOW your royal lineage and advance discreetly when chatting about relatives with Prince Charles. For example, in this family gathering for Princess Anne's christening, you should be able to identify Charles, his sister, mother, father, grandmother and great-grandmother—or, to put it another way, two princesses, two princes, two queens.

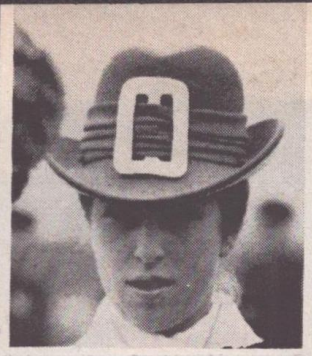


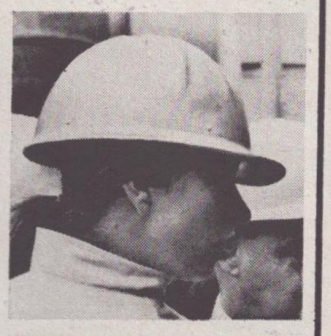
TRY making points by talking horses with Prince Charles and Princess Anne *only* if you have recently brushed up on your polo and equitation. The Prince is accustomed to receiving expert polo advice from his father, and Princess Anne has been in and out of the saddle since she was three.

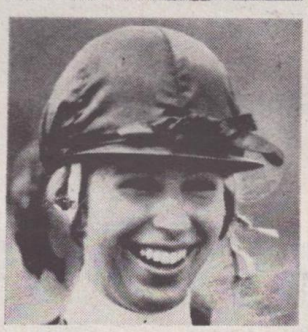


AVOID any mention of Prince Charles' soccer days at Cheam or at Gordonstoun School. He was decidedly so-so at this middle-class sport. He was captain of one school team that scored four goals to the opponents' 82.



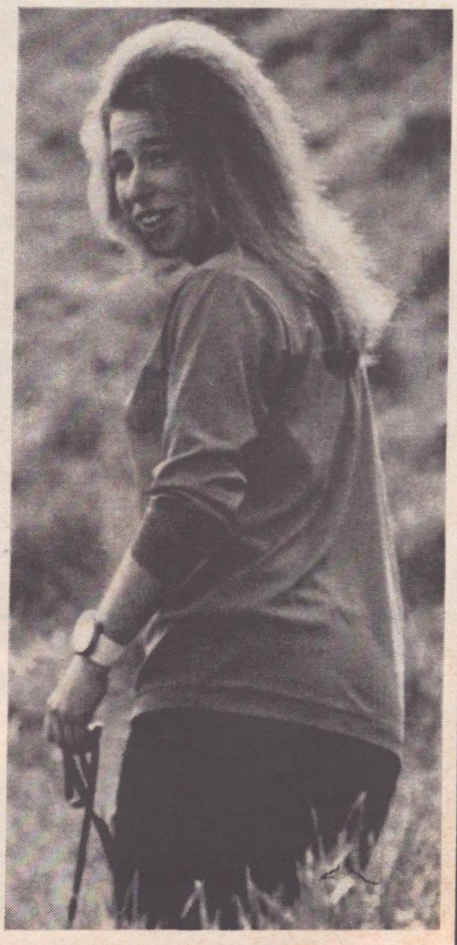






DON'T bore the Princess by asking whether she really prefers to wear pillboxes, straws, berets, turbans, headhuggers, wide brims, flowers, feathers or jockey caps. She loathes wearing hats and does so because she comes from a long line of hat-wearers.

ARGUE the mini-midi fashion change with Princess Anne (shown above, right, attending a swinging fashion show in Brisbane). But be advised that her skirt lengths will, for the time, remain an uncompromising and smashing mini length, that she looks comfortably cool in almost anything she wears—and is happiest when attired as she is below.

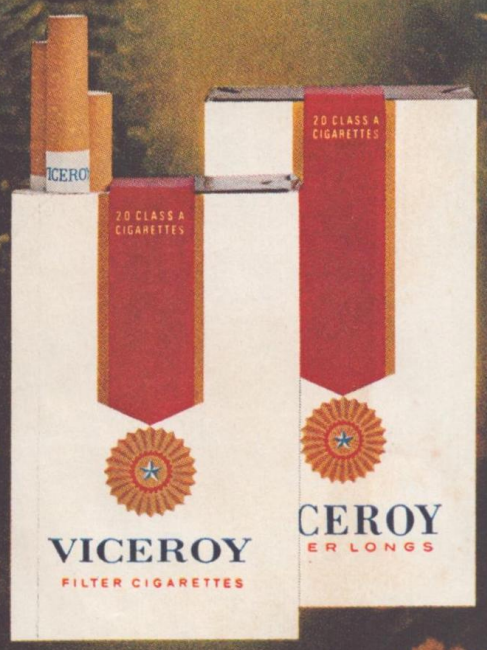


CONTINUED

PARTING SHOTS

REMEMBER that there are indeed those occasions on which a prince may remain seated while all others shall stand.

Their garden? Just a
window box on a city street.
But they're choosy. They
want it splashed with color.
All year round.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.



Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

© 1970, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

COPYRIGHT © 1970, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE THE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH DISTINGUISH THE SAME PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.